# THE Psalter OR Psalms OF DAVID

Paraphras'd in VERSE.
Set to New Tunes.

The Third Edition.

TO WHICH IS NOW SUBJOYN'D
An Additional Version in the Common Metres, where above One Hundred Psalms may be Sung to the Common Old Tunes now used in Churches.

By RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

*Te decet Hymnus.* Ps. 65.
*Praise is comely.* Ps. 147.
Hallelujah.

LONDON:
Printed for *Robert Clavel*, at the *Peacock*, at th West End of St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1685.

# THE Psalter OR Psalms OF DAVID.

Paraphrasd in VERSE Set to New Tunes.

The Third Edition.

TO WHICH IS NOW SUBJOYNED

An Additional Version in the Common Metres, where above One Hundred Psalms may be sung to the Common Old Tunes now used in Churches.

By RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

*Te decet Hymnus.* Ps. 65.
*Praise is comely.* Ps. 147.
Hallelujah.

LONDON:
Printed for *Robert Clavel*, at the *Peacock*, at the West End of St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1685.

# An Additional Version to the Paraphrase on the whole Book of Psalms; whereby, above one hundred Psalms may be sung to the Common Old Tunes now us'd in Churches.

By RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

# PREFACE.

WHEN *the* End *we aim at is not attainable by the Means we have us'd, we must either despair of the* End, *or vary the* Means.

'Twas *the Counsel of One of the most judicious Orators,* Rome *ever bred,* Cum Judex

detur aut Populus, aut ex Populo, laturiq; Sententiam Indocti sæpius, atq; interim Rustici, omnia quæ ad obtinendum quod intendimus prodesse credimus, adhibenda sunt. *And therefore, since the former Paraphrase (which appear'd in those* Measures *which are usually taken for our* English Epick, *and were therefore thought fittest to be chosen, for* that Subject *which is the* most Sublime *of* all Others) *has not been found* useful *for the end it was designed; since the* People (*who, in such Cases as these, are unquestionable Judges of their* Own Abilities) *having been accustom'd to the Old obsolete Measures, and their Tunes (and consequently having heard them with* Other Ears *than divers Persons* otherwise qualified) *have Condemn'd what they could not* with ease, *Perform, we must be contented to be over-rul'd by* Our Judges.

*However, I shall not retract any thing I have said in the Preface to the former Paraphrase, nor disclaim that Version; but subjoyning* this Other *to it, which moves in the Old*

accuſtomed Meaſures, and by which Addition, above 100 Pſalms may be ſung to the Common Tunes (accounting into that Number ſuch Pſalms as in the foregoing Paraphraſe, may be ſung to the Tunes of the 100 Pſalm, or the Lamentation) ſhall leave the choice of either, indifferent; ſo as That may be taken, which may moſt eaſily be perform'd.

There can no Objection now lye againſt the difficulty of ſinging them, ſince the Old Meaſures being taken, the Old Tunes will ſerve. Nor can that Objection taken from that Authority by which thoſe former Metres are permitted, be urg'd, as excluſive to Theſe, or any Other, obſerving the Condition under which thoſe were firſt permitted; as will eaſily appear, if we look back to the Original of that Permiſſion; which, in ſhort is thus.

At the paſſing of the Bill for the Liturgy in the Reign of Edw. 6. there was much oppoſition; And (which ſeem'd ſtrange) even by thoſe very Perſons, who had drawn up the Form: But it quickly appear'd, that the Queſtion was not, Whether the Bill for the Liturgy

*should be pass'd or no? But, whether those Metres of* Sternhold, *and* Hopkins, *should be put into the Bill as* Part of the Liturgy? *This was earnestly oppos'd, and at last carried in the Negative: They being kept* out *of the* Liturgy, *though not quite* out *of the* Church; *but* permitted *to be Sung* before *and* after Morning *and* Evening Prayer, *and* before *and* after Sermons.

*But this Act being repeal'd in the following Reign, we must seek for a* second Authority *to restore Them; And we are* yet *to seek it; Nothing of that Nature appearing any where; not only to my* own *search, (whom it might possibly escape in the Narrowness and Obscurity of my private Cell) but to Others also who though seated in a better Light, and who have profess'd to have been* most industrious, and concern'd in the Search thereof, *have yet found nothing, but what appears in certain Injunctions of Q.* Elizabeth, *set forth in the Beginning of her Reign, which as to what may concern* Them, *is as followeth.*

Because

# The Preface.

Because in divers Collegiat, and also in some Parish Churches there have been Livings appointed for the maintenance of Men and Children for singing in the Church; By means whereof, the laudable Exercise of Music hath been had in Estimation, and preserved in knowledg: The Queens Majesty neither meaning in any wise the decay of any Thing that might conveniently tend to the Use and Continuance of the said Science; neither to have the same so abused in any Part of the Church, that thereby the C. Prayer should be the worse understood by the Hearers; Willeth and Commandeth that, First, no alterations be made of such Assignments of Living as heretofore hath been appointed for the use of Singing, or Music in the Church; but that the same so remain. And that there be a modest and distinct Song so us'd in all Parts of the C. Prayers in the Church, that the same may be as plainly understood, as if it were read without Singing. And yet nevertheless, for the comforting of such as delight in Music, it may be Permitted that in the Beginning, or in the End of C. Prayer, either at Morning or at Evening, there may be sung an Hymn or Such like Song to the Praise of Almighty God in the best Melody and Mu-

ſic that may be conveniently devised; having reſpect that the Sentence of the Hymn be Underſtood and Perceived. So the Injunctions.

*By the Authority of theſe Injunctions, the Metres now us'd were again permitted to be ſung in Churches, and by the ſame Authority they have been ſuffer'd to continue.*

*But (without queſtioning their preſent validity) the Permiſſion in thoſe Injunctions being indefinite, as not directing to the Choice of* Theſe, *or of any Other* Particular *Hymns, but giving a Liberty in* General *to chooſe* Any, *with* this *only neceſſary Requiſite, that they be* to the Praiſe of Almighty God; *It follows, that if any Hymn ſhall be choſen, which ſhall be found either* not *to promote, or* leſs *to promote* that End, *Such Hymn ought to be rejected, as being* contrary *to the* Tenor *of the* Injunctions: *And conſequently, That if* Thoſe *which have been* hitherto us'd *ſhall appear to fail of advancing* that End; They *alſo, not only* may, *but* ought *to be rejected too: And that* They *to whom the Injunctions*

were

were directed (who doubtleſs are not the People) and who only are reſponſible for acting according to, or receding from the Injunctions, may, by virtue of that Authority, reject Any, or All of Them; and may alſo ſubſtitute ſuch Other, as They ſhall be able to juſtifie to their Own Conſciences and to their Superiours, to be according to the true intent and meaning of the Injunctions.

I ſhall give the Reader a parallel Inſtance of what has been taken up, and laid down, upon the like Indefinite Authority.

The Rubrick, after the Collect for Grace in the Morning, and for Aid againſt Perils in the Afternoon, ſays, ——In Quires and Places where They ſing, here follows the Anthem. ——But appointing no Particular Anthem, leaves the Choice of Them to the diſcretion of the Chanter. Now whoever ſhall look back into the Old Services of the Church, ſhall find that moſt of them were compos'd of thoſe very Metres of Sternhold and Hopkins; and oftentimes of Others equally indecent; and as fit to be Set forth, and allow-

ed

ed to be ſung in Churches, by the Authority of the Stationers, *as either* They, *or the Hymns of* Da Pacem, *and* Robert Wiſdom.—*As if King* Manaſſes.—*A Dialogue between God,* Adam, Eve, *and the Serpent,* &c. *which were at firſt taken up as in haſte, and for want of more Choice, upon the Liberty given by the Rubrick; and have been ſince by the ſame Liberty laid down.*

*Now, what the Chanter is in his Quire; The Miniſter is, (and more) in his Pariſh Church; and may, by the Liberty given by the* Injunctions, *as the Chanter by the Liberty given by the Rubrick, lay aſide thoſe Metres of* Sternhold, &c. *and ſubſtitute Others in their Places; As the Chanters have laid aſide thoſe forementioned, and divers other antiquated Services, and taken Others.*

*If then the Authority by which the Old Metres were introduc'd, and by which They ſtand, be as indifferent, and valid for the introducing and confirming any Other Metres, as it was, and is for Them, Provided thoſe Other be* agreeable *to* that Rule *which is to*

*regulate all the Devotions of Praiſe,* The Glory of God, *and be alſo* Practicable *as to the* People, *who are to joyn in the Performance (a Circumſtance to be underſtood, and which is here provided for) there ſeems nothing to be objected againſt* Theſe, *or any* Other, *if They ſhall be found to be* inſervient *to the* Praiſe of God: *Which, though it were the* Sole End *for which, Theſe here offer'd were deſign'd, (with this farther Hope (how faint ſoever) that by exhibiting a* Common Form *of Devotion drawn immediately out of the firſt Pure Original Fountain, before we had troubled the Stream by forcing it to run through thoſe perplex'd, and impure Channels, which the Madneſs, Folly and Pride of Zeal, Ignorance, and Singularity had made; Or which, the Neceſſities, or Conveniences of our Intereſts, and Hypocriſies required;* All of what Perſwaſion ſoever, *might* joyn together *in* theſe Forms, *without Giving, or Taking Offence; and, with One Heart, and One Praiſe, magnifie the Power, Wiſdom, and Good*

*Goodneſs of the God of All, manifeſted unto All, in his Word and in his Works) yet, being jealous of the Performance, and Conſcious to my ſelf of my extream inability to Copy out the Perfections of the great Original, I firſt beg the Divine Pardon; and next, do moſt humbly ſubmit It, (as in Duty bound) to the Judgment and Authority of the Church.*

To

# To the
# READER.

WHat ſucceſs this Other Verſion may have, I know not; and am extreamly indifferent to the Event, whether it be entertain'd, or, with the former laid by. I have not hitherto ſat down, abundantly ſatisfied in the Shade and Obſcurity of my own private Cell; nor ever had any farther *Ambition* (if the word be not much too *great* for the *narrowneſs* of the *Deſire* than to have paſſed out of it into ſome, more large (perhaps) but not *leſs retir'd* Encloſure; where with a Company of Aged *Eleemoſynarians*, we might, together, have ſpent our laſt Breath in the Praiſes of our Maker; to begin to ſet forth Now, in the purſuit of a late Fame: To diſquiet my ſelf with entertaining any *diſtant future* Hopes; when in the Progreſs towards them, the Grave lyes *open* in the *Midway*, which I cannot paſs *over*: Or to be *either way* affected with the *differing* Cenſures, but vain *alike*, of the *Many* of the *Preſent Age* applauding

ing, or detracting; when possibly the *next* (as the more knowing Ones of *This*) may be as much unsatisfied why *These* (which we here humbly offer to the Service of the Church) are *not* accepted as why the Other *are*; to which, she has for a long time been in Subjection, with so *great* a *Patience*; and, (with all Submission be it spoken) with so *great* a *Scandal*. Wherefore, having no farther Design, than to *endeavour* (at least) that I may be some ways useful; and not to have liv'd (*altogether*) in vain; If, what I here offer, may in any Measure tend to the Service of God, and of Good Men, I have *All* my End; and my Reward is with Me.

ERRATA.

# ERRATA.

PAg. 2. line 26. for ~~Vain Man. r. that Her~~ l. 27. ~~for [illegible] He.~~ r. (~~Vain [illegible]~~) p. ~~7. l. 22. Chain.~~ p. 12. ~~l. 1[illegible] r. detest.~~ ibid. ~~l. 16. r. fair.~~ p. ~~1[illegible] l. 3. r. Rept.~~ ibid. l. 24. r. ~~confer.~~ p. ~~19. l. 30.~~ r. ~~Wards.~~ p. ~~21. l. 21. for mish. r. mith.~~ p. ~~26. l. 7. for divides.~~ r. ~~divides.~~ p. 28. l. 3: for ~~prospers. r. preserves.~~ p. 30. l. 3. for ~~[illegible] not bear it.~~ r. ~~I cannot bear it.~~ p. ~~36. l. 6. for Our God. r. One God.~~ p. ~~[illegible]~~ l. ~~16. for Own. r. One.~~ p. ~~44. l. 27. Dale We.~~ ibid. ~~l. 29. [illegible] Wee'll.~~ p. ~~[illegible]9. l. 25. for the [illegible]ly.~~ p. ~~69. l. 17. for proud. r. pronei [illegible]~~ l. 6. ~~r. Rept.~~ At the end of Ps. 98. add — See Ps. 100. in the former Paraphrase, to be sung to the proper Tune. P. 82. l. 27. r. *woods.* p. 86. l. 9. r. *knew.* p. 94. l. 28. r. *precipitately.* ibid. l. 31. for *Help.* r. *Helm.* p. 95. l. 29. r. *Vineyards.*

(ERRA-

## (ERRATA) In the Preface.

Pag. 41. l. 24. for *Tabernacles.* r. *Trumpets.*

## In the Advice to the Reader.

Pag. 3. 23. for *the Book.* r. *the Book of.* ibid. for *Collation.* r. *Collection.*

## In the Psalms.

Pag. 35. l. 18. for *might.* r. *light.* p. 69. l. 18. r. *affections.* p. 70. l. 6. r. *beauteous.* p. 73. l. 24. for *fear.* r. *care.* p. 79. l. 12. for *now.* r. *nor.*

From Pag. 152. the Pages being confus'd, the *Errata's* are refer'd to the Psalm in which they are, and to the Lines in that Psalm.

Ps. 100. l. 1. r. *Ye Regions.* ibid. l. 4. r. *Joys.* ps. 102. l. 5. r. *scorch'd.* ibid. l. 59. for *Scenes.* r. *Schemes.* ps. 104. l. 37. for *do.* r. *who.* ps. 105. l. 54. for *those.* r. *whose.* ibid. for *went.* r. *march'd.* l. 64. r. *their labour'd.* ps. 106. l. 22. r. *deep.* l. 63. r. *Gods.* ps. 107. l. 53. for *increase.* r. *incense.* ps. 109. l. 46. r. *bless.* ps. 119. first part. l. 13. r. *desires.* part 6. l. 11. r. *hands.* l. 12. r. *commands.* part 13. l. 3. for *with Science wise.* r. *Science o'th' Wise.* part 20. l. 5. r. *descends.* part. 22. l. 1. r. *Lord! and save.* ps. 120. l. 9. for *often.* r. *offer.* ps. 122. l. 7. r. *judgment's on.* l. 13. for *Peace.* r. *Race.* ps. 132. l. 16. for *thy.* r. *this.* l. 19. for *are.* r. *is.* ps. 133. l. 3. for *where.* r. *when.* ps. 138. l. 6. r. *ev'n 'bove the Praise of.*

# Psalm. I.

1 ALL Blessings crown his happy Soul,
Who, stands not in the way
Of Sinners; nor, misguided, does
By impious Counsells, stray.
Who hath not sate in the Prophane
Blasphemous *Scorners* seat,
Who make a mock at Piety
And *All of God*, forget.

2 But in God's just and perfect way
Hath plac'd his *whole* delight;
And makes that Law his *Exercise*,
And *Study*, day and night.
3 Like to the fertile Tree, that grows
By a fair River side,
He *grows* and *bears*; by a *more fair*
*More living* Stream, supply'd.

A *lasting* Spring, upon his Leaves,
*Continual* Verdure sheds:
And God, to a bless'd end shall bring
All his well-aimed Deeds.
4 Far different is th' *Ungodly*'s state,
For, like the *Chaff*, when *They*
Are *Try'd*, and *Winnow'd* by the wind,
Th'are *try'd* and *blown away*.

5 Wherefore, in the *Eternal* day
The Sinner shall not stand;

5 Baniſh'd th' Aſſembly of the Juſt,
And *Heav'n* their *Promis'd Land*:
6 For the obedient way o'th' Juſt
Unto their God is known:
But the Ungodly's perverſe ways
End in Perdition.

See *Pſ.* 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. in the former Paraphraſe annex'd; which are to be ſung to the common Tunes of *Pſ.* 100, or the *Lamentation*, as is directed in the *Advice to the Reader*.

## Pſalm VIII.

*To the common Tune of* Pſ. 25.

1 O Lord our Governour!
How do thy works Proclaim
Through all the Earth, and 'bove the Heavens
The Glories of thy Name!
2 Thee, *Sucklings* praiſe, and *Babes*;
*Weakneſs*, and *Infancy*,
Have *Strength* to vindicate thy Pow'r,
And ſtill the Enemy.

3 When I behold the *Heavens*,
And thoſe fair Orbs of Light,
The Moon, and th' Orders of the Stars,
Diſtinguiſhing the Night;
4 I then reflect on *Man*;
Lord! *What is Man*, [redacted] *that He*
[redacted] of the *Almighty's* Care
So *great* a *Part*, ſhould be?

Thou, *next* thy winged Hoſt,
The Brighter Angels haſt
In *Glory*, and in *Magnitude*,
Thy *Second* Creature, Plac'd.
And o're thy works *below*
Thou, Him, as *Prince*, haſt ſet;
Giv'n *Him*, the *Sole* Dominion;
And laid *All* at *his Feet*.

*His*, all the Cattel are
O'th' Paſtures, and o'th' Field;
And what thoſe floating Regions
Of Sea and Air do yield.
O Lord our Governour!
How do thy works proclaim
Through all the Earth, and 'bove the Heavens
The Glories of thy Name.

*Pſ.* 9. See in the former Paraphraſe. To be ſung as *Pſ.* 100.

## Pſalm X.

*To the common Tune of* Pſ. 25.

WHy, O my only Help!
Art thou ſo *far*? And *why*
Doſt thou *withdraw*, and *hide* thy ſelf
When time of Trouble's *nigh*?
The Poor man is expos'd
To th' Luſt of Tyranny;
O let the guileful Heart be ſnar'd
In its *Own* Treachery.

3 Th' Oppreſſor boaſts his *will*;
The *Covetous* doth bleſs:
*Bleſſes* what the Juſt God *abhors*,
*Rapine*, and *Avarice*.
4 Swoln with Diſdain and Pride,
He doth, his God contemn;
Truſts in his *Own ſucceſsful* Arm,
And ſeeks not unto *Him*.

5 His ways ſtill grievous be;
Thy Judgments *diſtant* are,
Far 'bove his ſight, and the *long day*
Of Recompence, is far.
Wherefore, he doth defy
His Foes; for Tuſh, ſays He,
6 *What miſchief* e're can *Me* befall?
*What pow'r* can ruine *Me*?

7 His Lips are full of Fraud,
Of Curſing, and of Lyes;
And his miſchievous Tongue's repleat
With impious vanities.
8 In *Secret*, He lyes wait,
On Spoil and Murther bent;
And drinks the Blood of the Enſnar'd,
Beguiled Innocent.

9 *Cloſe*, as a Lion *lurks*
*Couch'd* in his *Den*, He lyes;
And *waits*, how he, th' *enſnared* Poor,
And *Simple* may *ſurprize*.
But *when* into his *Net*,
He hath *betray'd* the *Poor*,
He *then Puts off* the *fair Diſguiſe*,
And the raviſh'd does *devour*.

10 To intice the *Credulous* Prey
He *humbly* does *fall down*;
And makes an *Art* of *Holineſs*,
To ſerve *Ambition*.
11 God has *forgot*, ſays he,
Th' Almighty *takes no care*;
Nor *heeds* how the *Perplex'd* Affairs
Of Mortals, *hurryed are*.

12 O Righteous God, ariſe!
Behold the Oppreſſed's ſtate,
The Suffering *Poor man*, and thine *own*
Juſt *Honour*, vindicate.
13 *Why* ſhould the Proſperous Wretch
Thy Providence *blaſpheme*?
And ſay, Thou God regarde'ſt not,
Nor ſeeſt th' *Oppreſt*, nor *Him*.

14 But Lord! Thou *doſt behold*;
Thy *preſent*, *wakeful* Eye
*Sees*, that it *may reward* their Rage,
And their Impiety.
Wherefore the *deſtitute*
Commits himſelf to *Thee*:
For *Father* of the *Fatherleſs*,
*Who*, but *Thy ſelf*, can be?

15 Break the Malicious Arm,
And the Ungodly's Pow'r;
Break it to *Nothing*, that he be
Unable to devour.
16 *For ever*, Righteous King!
Abides thy *ſtedfaſt* Throne;
From out the *griev'd*, *oppreſſed* Land,
The Proud *Oppreſſor's gone*.

17 Thou the desire *hast heard*
Of the Poor *Destitute*:
Thou dost *prepare* the humble Heart,
And thou dost *grant* its Sute.
18 To give the Poor their *Right*,
And help the *Fatherless*:
That *Them* the Potent man of th' Earth
No *longer* may oppress.

## Psalm XI.

1 IN Thee my God! I *wholly* trust;
*Tell not* my Soul, that She
Like a *Chac'd Bird*, unto the *Hills*,
Must for *Protection* flee.
2 *Nor tell me*, that the impious Man
His threatning Bow hath *bent*;
*Prepar'd* his Arrows to destroy
Th' *unwary* Innocent.

3 *Nor say*, The firm *Foundations*
Th' Unjust will *overthrow*:
And if his *Strength's* be *overturn'd*,
*What can* the Righteous do?
4.5 Hence all ye impious Fears! For know!
*There is* a God on *high*:
And though his Throne's in *Heaven*, He's *there*
As in his Temple *nigh*.

His Eyes *behold* the Sons of Men;
And from his Powerful Seat
*Looks down*, and trys th' *Oppressed Poor*,
And the *Oppressing Gree*-

He

He ſees the Actions of the *Juſt*,
And does their ways *approve*;
But hates the *impious* Soul, and him
Who *violence* doth love.

6 And now, behold their *different* end!
He, on th' *unjuſt*, rains down
Brimſtone and Fire; Tempeſts, and Snares;
*This* is *their* Portion.
7 But the juſt God loves *Righteouſneſs*,
And therefore loves th' *Upright*;
He, *Them* beholds, and *They* behold
*His* everlaſting *Light*.

*Pſ.* 12.13.14. and 15. in the foregoing Paraphraſe, to be ſung to the common Tune of the 100 *Pſal.*

## Pſalm XIX.

1 THe Heavens declare *there is a God*;
And all th' extended Sky
Tell, that their *Maker could not be*
A *leſſer* Pow'r than *He*,
2 Day, without any voice, *tells day*;
And ſilent night *tells night*;
Twiſting time's varied, winding Chain
Of Darkneſs, and of Light.

3 *What Land* is not *obſcur'd* by *Night*?
What Region *ſhuts out Day*?
Which *part* Times Empire o're the world,
And run *divided* way.
4. 5 *What place* is deaf to the ſwift voice
Of riſing, Springing *Light*?

Or to the ſofter whiſpers of
The quiet, charming Night?

From his fair gilded Tent, the Sun
Iſſues forth *bright*, and *gay*
As doth a *Bridegroom*; and from thence
Lets forth the *Cheerful Day*.
And as the Swift unto their Race
Themſelves, with Joy, addreſs;
So He, to his *appointed* Courſe,
Aſſur'd of the ſucceſs.

6 *All Heav'ns* the *undefin'd* extent
Of his vaſt Motion,
He gives an *Eaſt*, and *Weſt* to *Us*,
But He *himſelf* knows *none*.
His *brooding* Heat through *All* diffus'd,
Inſpires *cold Clay* with *Breath*;
His various *Ebbs* and *Flouds* of *Light*
Diſpence out *Life* and *Death*.

7 *Such* are thy Laws preſcrib'd to *Him*;
But *higher*, *nobler* far
Thou giv'ſt unto thy Creature *Man*;
By *thoſe*, *Souls* guided are.
Souls, taught by thy moſt perfect Law,
Convert themſelves to *Thee*:
*Renounce* their *Luſts*; and *wed again*
*Divorced* Purity.

Thy ſtedfaſt Promiſes are *ſure*;
*Eternal* verities;
Reveal the *Counſels* of thy *Love*
And make the *Simple*, *Wiſe*.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are Right,
And with Joy, fill the Heart;

All

All thy Commands are clear and pure
And light to th' Eyes impart.

9 Thy fear doth *cleanſe* our ſtained Souls;
For who *fears* thee, lives *Pure*:
And as thy *ſelf*, who *art* our *Fear*,
For *ever* does endure.
The Judgments which Thou doſt denounce
Will *certainly* enſue,
Th' are *altogether* Righteous,
And *juſt*, as they are *True*.

10 Can all the heaps of *Gold*, *much* Gold,
Of much *refined* Gold,
Any the *leaſt* Proportion
With *theſe* vaſt Treaſures, hold?
Can liquid Honey, dropping from
The purer *Virgin-Comb*,
With *theſe tranſcendent*, *only* Guſts
In competition come?

11 By theſe, thy Servant taught, does act;
And from the Conſcience
Of th' *Act*, and his own *Duty*, takes
The *mighty Recompenſe*.
12 But O! the *frailty* of *Us Men*!
And O! falſe *Error's Guile*!
How *oft*, he does offend his God,
*Who* is He, who can tell?

O cleanſe me from my *ſecret* faults!
And from *Preſumptuous* Sin:
13 So, from Sin's *reign*, I ſhall be freed,
And from *my ſelf* made clean.
14 The *Thoughts* my heart breaths up to Thee,
The words, my Lips do pour;

Hear,

Hear and Accept, O God my ſtrength!
O Lord my Saviour.

## Pſalm XX.

1 THe God of *Jacob* hear thy Prayer!
*Thee*, in thy Straits defend;
2 And from his holy Sanctu'ry,
His powerful ſuccors, lend.
3 Remember all thine Offerings!
Accept thy Sacrifice!
4 And to thy wants, and juſt deſires,
Proportion the ſupplies.

5 Lord grant thy Prayers! *wee'l* rejoice
In *Thy* deliverance;
And in the *pow'rful* name of God,
Our Enſigns wee'l advance.
6 Now *know I*, that the Lord will, *Help*
To *his Anointed* yield:
Will guard him with an Arm from Heav'n,
And with Salvation ſhield.

7 Some put their truſt in *Chariots*,
And ſome in *Horſes* boaſt:
In *Horſe* nor *Chariot* is *Our* Hope;
But in the *Lord of Hoſts*.
8 Nor was our hope in *vain*; for ſee,
Our Foes are put to flight:
Whilſt we, i'th' Strength of his great name,
Do riſe, and ſtand upright.

9 Hear us, Great God of Hoſts! when we
Thy Pow'rful help, do crave:

*Hear*

*Hear* us from out thy holy Heav'n,
And when thou *hearest*, *save*.

## Psalm XXIII.

1 HOw can I *ever* be in want,
Whose Shepherd is *my God?*
The Scepter that commands the *world*
Vouchsafes to be a *Rod.*
2 Pastures for *ever green*, Me feed;
Calm, *living* Streams, supply:
He gives my Soul an *Early* Heav'n,
*Peace*, and *Tranquility.*

3 *How* can I, wandring, *lose* my self?
For *He*, when e're I *stray*
From his just Paths, *seeks* his *lost* Sheep,
And *turns* me *into* th' way.
4 Though in the shade of Night I walk,
And nigh Death's dark abode,
*Fearless* I walk; secured by
The Conduct of *thy Rod.*

5 In *sight* of my *repining* Foes,
My Table thou shalt spread;
Shalt fill my Cup; and with fresh Oyl
Thou shalt anoint my Head.
6 Since my *whole* life's the Story of
Thy *Goodness*, and thy *Love*;
*Here* in thy House, I'll *still* thee bless,
And bless thee *still above.*

Psalm

# Psalm XXIV.

1 *Earth* is the Lords; and *All the Stores*
Of Plenty, Earth does *yield*:
And his, *All* Creatures are; *for whom*
Their Lord those Stores has fill'd.
2 He Earth's vast Pillars, founded hath
Upon the floating Bed
O'th' Seas; and on the *moving* Wave
The *firm* established.

3 Who is that *bless'd One*, shall ascend
Into his *Holy Hill*?
*Who* shall stand on the *Sacred Mount*
And in his Presence dwell?
4 *He*, whose pure Hands and Heart are clean;
*He* who detests what's *vain*:
Whose *Soul*, no seeming *fair Deceit*
Nor *Perjury* does *stain*.

5 *He* shall *ascend*; *He* shall receive
The Blessing from *Above*:
*He* shall receive *Salvation*,
And *Him*, God will *approve*.
6 *He's* of the Race o'th' *Blessed Ones*,
Th'are only *such* as *He*
Who shall *hereafter* constitute
Heav'ns Glorious Colony.

7 Ye Gates and everlasting Doors
Let your vast Arches, be
Rais'd *higher*! the victorious King
The King of Glories *nigh*.

8 *Who*

8 *Who* is this High, this Glorious King,
Thus great in Majeſty?
The Mighty Lord, Potent in War,
And King of Victory.

9 Ye Gates and everlaſting Doors
Let your vaſt Arches, be
Rais'd *higher*! the victorious King
The King of Glory's *nigh*.
10 Who is this High, this Glorious King?
Thus great in Majeſty?
The Lord of the Cæleſtial Hoſts,
He is this Lord moſt High.

## Pſalm XXV.

*To the proper Tune.*

1.2.3 TO *Thee* my God! in whom
I, *all* my Truſt, repoſe,
I *raiſe* up my *dejected* Soul,
O guard me from my Foes!
Let not *thy Servant*, Lord!
Let *None* be put to ſhame
Who wait on thee; and flee unto
The *Refuge* of *Thy Name*.

But ſhame, and diſappoint
My *cauſeleſs* Enemies!
Blaſt *all* their Counſels! and defeat
Their cruel Purpoſes.
4.5 *Shew* me thy ways of *Truth*
O thou *unerring* Guide!
And in thoſe *true*, *inſtructed* Paths
My ſtraying Footſteps *lead*.

For

For Thou, *alone* art God
Of my Salvation:
On *Thee* therefore *all day*, I wait,
On Thee, I wait *alone*.
6 Call to Remembrance Lord!
Thine *antient*, tender Love:
*That Love* which has for *ever* been
*Old*, as thy *Years above*.
7 But of my *early* Crimes
*Blot* out the Memory!
Think on thy *Mercies*, O my God!
And *then*, Lord! think on *Me*.
8 Our God is *Gracious*;
*Full* of *Compassion*;
From their *own* ways, calls Sinners, to
Ways of *Salvation*.
9 In *Knowledg*, He'll instruct
The *lowly*, and the *Meek*;
And they *shall learn* his saving ways,
Who *humbly* his *ways seek*.
10 They who the *Covenant* keep,
And *Laws* of the Most High,
His Paths to *them*, *All Mercies* are,
*All Firm* as *Verity*.
11 For th' *Honour* of thy Name,
Whose Mercy's *Infinite*,
Forgive O Lord! thy Servant's Sin,
*Because* that Sin is *great*.
12 That Man, *who e're he be*,
Who doth his God revere,
God will him teach to *choose* the way
Wherein, He *shall not err*.

13 *Whilst*

*Whilſt* in *that way*, he walks,
His Soul ſhall dwell at *eaſe*,
*Calm* and *Sedate*; and his Seed ſhall
The Promis'd Land poſſeſs.
14 God will reveal to him
His ſaving Myſteries;
*Thoſe Truths*, that wiſdom from *Above*
Will make Him *truly* wiſe.

Will the *Conditions* ſhew
O' th' *Saving* Covenant
And ſeal, to his *obedient* Soul
Heavens *great*, Heav'ns *promis'd* Grant.
15 Wherefore my longing Soul
Does *wait*, *ſtill wait* on *Thee*,
For Lord! Thou *wilt*, Thou *canſt*, *alone*
My entangled Feet, ſet free.

16 O turn unto me then!
Pity my woful ſtate
For I am full of Miſery
*Caſt out* and *deſolate*.
17 The Troubles of my Heart
Though *great*, are *ſtill enlarg'd*;
With *growing* Burthens, and *New* Loads
Yet more and more o'rcharg'd.

Lord look! and bring my Soul
From out of its diſtreſs:
18 And *All* my Sorrows, *All* my Pains,
And *All my Sins* releaſe.
19 Conſider O my God!
Who are mine Enemies:
And how their cruel, deadly hate,
Malice and Rage *encreaſe*.

20 O free! O keep my Soul!
And do not *Me* expose,
(Who *trust* and flee to *Thee alone*)
To th' Mercies of my *Foes*.
21 I wait on *Thee*; O may
My Soul, for its defence,
Be wrapt up in *Integrity*,
And a *great Innocence*.

Lord! give thine *Israel Rest*;
Set thine oppressed free
From *All* their *Troubles*, and their *Sins*;
Own'd and Redeem'd by *Thee*.

*Unto the Trinity*,
*All Praise by All be giv'n*,
*From Age to Age here upon Earth*,
*And all the Days of Heav'n*.

## Psalm XXVII.

1 SInce *God* is my Salvation,
*Strength* of my Life, and *Light*;
What *Man* is he can terrify?
What *Powers of darkness*, fright?
2 When my Foes came to eat my flesh,
*Thou* didst their force repell:
An *Unseen* Pow'r did interpose,
And they, all stumbl'd and fell.

3 Although an *Army* Me surround,
Yet in *his Strength*, I dare.
Fearless my *naked single* Breast,
Oppose against a *War*.

4 Grant

4 Grant Lord! this *One Thing*; In thy Houſe
I may paſs All my Days,
Wrapt with the Glories of thy Face,
And Beauties of thy Praiſe.

5 *There*, from the *wild, tumultuous* World
*Withdrawn*, Hee'l *lay* Me *by*:
With *Safety*, He will *cover* Me,
And ſet me up on *High!*
6 *Whence*, my *advanced* Head, ſhall on
My *threatning* Foes, *look down*;
*Secure*, of any Terror, *Now*,
Great, and *above* their *Frown*.

*There*, O my God! I'le offer up
The *Sacrifice* of *Praiſe*;
Th' appointed Service of *Thy Houſe*,
And of thy *Servant's Days*.
7 Hear, and have Mercy, O my God!
Hear, Lord! thy Servants Cry:
Hear my unfeign'd Petitions,
And hearing, ſatisfie.

8 Lord! Thou haſt ſaid, *Seek thou my Face!*
I, Lord! *will* ſeek thy Face:
Seek, O my Soul! thy God; and thou
O God! confer thy Grace.
9 Reveal the Glories of thy Face!
Turn Lord! and grant my Suit;
O leave Me not in wrath! but help
*As ers't*, the Deſtitute.

10 When of my Parent's Care bereſt,
*Caſt off*, and left *alone*;
Th' expoſed Infant was *God's* Care,
*God* was *My* Portion.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord! Lead Me
In a *Plain*, *Perfect* way:
For, my *obſerving* Foes, do watch,
*To* intrap Me if I ſtray.

12 O leave me not unto *their Will!*
*They*, by *falſe* Witneſſes
Condemn the *Guiltleſs*; and convict
My *Innocence* by *Lies*.
13 My Soul had fainted utterly,
But that She *truſts*, to ſee
I' th' Region of Eternal Light,
Her *Recompence* on *High*.

14 With Fortitude, and Patience,
Wait that *appointed* Time!
*Dare* to be *Virtuous*, O my Soul!
And *then*, leave *All* to *Him*.

See in the former Paraphraſe, *Pſal.* 28. 30. and 31.
Sung as *Pſal.* 100.

## Pſalm XXXII.

1. 2. BLeſs'd is the Man, whoſe *cover'd* Sin
Judgment *beholdeth not*:
To whom, the Lord *imputes no Crime*,
And in whoſe Soul's *no Spot*.
3 Whilſt I *conceal'd* my loathed Sin,
It *feſtred* in my Breaſt:
The raging Pain conſum'd my Bones,
And th' Anguiſh gave *no Reſt*.

4 The

4 The weight of *Sin*, and *Puniſhment*
Lay *heavy*, Night, and Day;
My Moiſture, like the Summer's drought,
Melting, exhal'd away.
5 *Then*, I *acknowledged* my Sin;
And what *lay hid*, *reveal'd*;
And, having the *foul Ulcer lanc'd*,
He, it in Mercy *heal'd*.

6 For *this*, ſhall ev'ry Pious Man
Pray, while 'tis call'd *to Day*,
E're *Judgments* come, Or the *laſt* Day
Bears *Life*, and *Time* away.
7 Now reconcil'd, I flee to God,
He'll *hide*, He'll ſet Me *free*:
He'll *keep* my Soul; and compaſs Me
With *Songs of Liberty*.

8 I will, ſays God, inſtruct Thee in
The *true*, *required* Way:
My careful Eye ſhall watch thy Steps,
And guide Thee leſt Thou ſtray.
9 Remember then, thy *Self*, O Man!
Be not like *Horſe* or *Mule*:
Thine *Underſtanding*, *Thee* muſt guide,
*Them*, *Bit* and *Bridle* rule.

*Reſtore* the *Man* to his juſt *Rights*;
Dethrone the *Beaſt within*:
The *Senſual*, *Uſurping* Beaſt;
Remember Ye are *Men*!
10 Remember too, the differing
*Rewards* that do attend
The *Virtuous*, and the *Vicious* Man;
The *bleſs'd*, or *dreadful* End.

What raging, Everlasting *Flames*
Shall, 'bout th' *Unjust* be thrown?
What *lambent Glories*, round the Just
Form their *Eternal Crown.*
11 Rejoyce in God, ye *Upright Ones!*
Lift up your cheerful voice:
O let your Heart be *upright still*,
And ye shall *still rejoyce.*

## Psalm XXXIV.

1 O Thou *Eternal Spring* of Good!
Whose Mercies *still* Me bless;
Shall *they*, for *ever* flow, and can
My Praises, *ever* cease?
2. 3 My Soul shall triumph in the Lord;
The *Meek* shall *hear*, and *We*
Our Hearts united in *One Praise*,
Our God will magnifie.

4 My anxious Soul besought the Lord,
And *He*, vouchsaf'd an Ear:
Chac'd the *Dark Terrors* far away,
And freed Me from *All* fear.
5 To Him, th'Afflicted, flowing in
Cast up their mournful Eyes:
Their *Sorrows fled*; and on their Face
A *Dawn* of *Joy* did rise.

6 See an *Example* of God's Love!
*That* rescu'd *Poor Man*, see:
*He* in his *Troubles* cry'd to God,
And God has set *Him free.*

7 The

7 The Man, who does *revere* his God,
God does *protect* that *Man*:
Commits the Charge of Him unto
An *Angel-Guardian*.

8 O *taſte* and *ſee*! *Try* and *believe*!
*How gracious* the Lord is:
They, who rely and truſt in *Him*
In *Him*, have *All* of *Bliß*.
9 O fear the Lord All ye His Saints!
For They, who fear the Lord,
Shall nought, that's *needful* for Them want;
He'll *All*, that's *fit* afford.

10 *Lions*, their *Ravagements* may want,
Their *Prey*, and *Bloody* Food:
But They, who ſeek unto their God.
Shall *Nothing* want, *that's Good*.
11 Come, O ye *Children*, unto Me!
And my juſt Precepts hear:
I will inſtruct your *humble* Minds
In the Almighty's *Fear*.

12 Would'ſt Thou with plenteous *Bleſſings*, *crown'd*
A *happy Life* prolong:
13 *Seal up* the falſe, the guileful *Lip*;
*Chain up* th' Unruly *Tongue*.
14 *Depart* from *Evil*, and *Do Good*;
*Seek* calm, beloved *Peace*:
Trace her fair ſteps; She's the *Way* to
And She's the *End* of *Bliß*.

15 Know! *Such*, the Righteous God will *bleß*;
That his obſerving Eyes
*Wake* for *their Safety*; that He'll bend
His Ear unto *their Cries*,

16 But He *abhors* the *wicked* Man;
And 'gainſt Him, ſets his Face:
To cut off his loath'd Memory,
And his foul Name eraſe.

17 The Righteous *cry* unto the Lord,
And God their Prayer *hears*;
From *all* their Troubles, *reſcues Them*,
And drys up *all* their Tears.
18 The *Sighings* of the *Contrite Heart*
To God aſcend on *High*:
*Whence*, He commands *Salvation down*,
And *God himſelf* draws *nigh*.

19 Although the Troubles of th'Upright
*Many*, and *grievous* are;
*Their God* from *All* delivers Them,
For th'Upright are *God*'s *Care*.
20 He keepeth *All his Bones*, ſo that
Not *One* of them is broke:
21 Whilſt They who *hate* them, ſhall fall down,
Into Confuſion ſhook.

22 But *All*, who ſerve the living God,
Their Powerful God *relieves*;
And, to *All Souls* who *truſt in Him*,
A *full* Redemption gives.

## Pſalm XXXVI.

1 I'm ſatisfi'd, that th'*Hypocrite*
Who *cloſely* walks in Sin,
*Dethrones* th'All-ſeeing, judging God,
And Atheiſt, is *within*.

2 Flat-

2 Flattering his *cheated* Soul, He ſeems
All *Pure* in his Own Eyes;
Till *Time*, *detecting* his *dark* Crimes,
*Pull off* the *fair Diſguiſe*.

3 His words are *doubtful*, *double*, All;
All *Subtil*, All *Pretence*,
The Serpent in him bearing Rule
O'repow'rs the Innocence.
4 His Sins are *Plotted*, and *Deſign'd*,
The Counſels of his *Bed*;
*Dark Iſſues* of the *Conſcious Night*,
When *hated* Light is *fled*.

He *chooſes* the accurſed way,
And, to attain his Will,
He ſtarts at *nought*; but breaks through *All*
The Bounds of *Good* and *Ill*.
5 High, as the higheſt Heavens are,
High'r than thoſe Heav'ns are high,
Thy Mercy is, O Lord! and Thine
Eternal Verity.

6, 7 *Firm*, as the *Mountains* of the Lord,
*So* ſtands *thy Righteouſneſs*:
And thine *unfathom'd* Judgments, are
*Deep*, *lower* than th' *Abyſs*.
How *great*'s thy Love! which, pour'd on *All*,
Thou doſt to *All* afford:
And *Beaſts* ſhare with thy Creature *Man*,
The *Bounties* of *their Lord*.

But *Man*, whom finiſhing thy work,
Thy *laſt* great Hand has made,
Under the Covert of thy Wing,
Shall find *another* ſhade.

8 He, to the Plenties of Thine Houſe
Receiv'd, its *fulneſs* taſts;
*Rivers of Joys*, and Pleaſures drinks,
That will for *ever laſt*.

9 Where *Joys* wait on an *Endleſs Life*;
Life, *Endleſs Joys* does bring:
For with Thee's both the *Well* of *Life*,
And *Joys* immortal *Spring*.
10 O ſend thy Light, thy Mercies forth!
Let Them *for ever* flow
Unto th'*Upright*, and *Pure* in *Heart*,
Who *ſtill thirſt* Thee to *know*.

11 Let not th'inſulting Foot of Pride
Prevail, and tread Me down:
Nor by th'Ungodly's unjuſt Arm,
Let Me be overthrown.
12 But ſee! How the Unrighteous Ones
*Themſelves*, are ruin'd All!
How ſlippery do they *ſtand*, and how
Inevitably *fall!*

## Pſalm XXXVII.

1 LEt not a *falſe* Opinion
Of the Ungodly's *State*,
*Move* the great Peace of thy *firm* Soul,
Nor envy Thou his Fate.
2 For as th' flouriſhing Herb or Flow'r,
Is *ſuddenly* cut down:
*So flouriſhes* the Pride of Man,
And *Periſhes as ſoon*.

3 Set

3 Set Thou thy ſelf in a *good way*;
*Do Good*; Dwell in the Land;
Truſt God; He'll bleſs Thee, Thou ſhalt eat
The Labours of thine Hand.
4 Let *All* thy *Hope*, and *All* thy *Joy*,
Be *ever* in the *Lord*:
And what thou *rightly* ſhalt deſire,
He *ſurely* will afford.

5 Leave the *ſucceſs* of thy juſt ways
To *God*; Truſt *Him*; commit
The *Care* of thine Affairs to *Him*,
And He ſhall Proſper It.
6 He, thy *juſt Dealing* ſhall *aſſert*,
Bring it forth clear as Light;
Set thy great *Virtue* bright and high,
As is the Sun's *Noon height*.

7 With *Patience*, reſt on God; vex not
That th' Impious *Mighty* grow;
That *Vice* climbs *high*, and *proſpers*, whilſt
Improſp'rous Virtue's *low*.
8 Repine not at *thy* Lot, or *theirs*,
Leſt Murmurings betray
Thee to *ill Acts*, endeavouring
To be as *Great* as *they*.

9 For know, that they who wait on God,
Pleas'd with *His* Conduct, ſhall
Poſſeſs the Land; whilſt the *unjuſt*,
And the *unquiet fall*.
10 Expect but yet a *little while*,
The wicked ſhall *not be*:
*Nought* of Him ſhall on Earth remain
But *Hate*, and *Memory*.

11 But the *Obedient*, and the *Meek*,
Shall *quietly* poſſeſs
Their Portion *here*; and ſhall enjoy
The calm delights of *Peace*.
12. 13 The Sinner lays his *Plots*, how he
The Juſt Man may *betray*:
But God derides him, for he ſees,
His *neer-approaching* Day.

14 The Sword, which 'gainſt th'Upright and Poor,
The impious Man hath drawn,
The *bent* Bow, and *directed* Shaft,
Are *bent*, and aim'd in *vain*.
15 For, through his *own* miſchievous Heart
Shall pierce the *fatal* ſtroke,
And his *prepar'd* and *threatning* Bow
And all his ſtrengths, be *broke*.

16 The *little* that the *poor Upright*
Enjoys, is better far,
Than All the *Treaſures* and the *Spoils*
Of the *Ungodly* are.
17 Becauſe the Vengeance of the Lord
*Scatters* the *guilty Store*,
Which they *unjuſtly* rais'd; But He
*Suſtains* the *righteous Poor*.

18 God knows the Days o'th' Juſt; But when
He's reap'd in a *full* Age,
He *ſtabliſhes* his *Houſe*, and makes
*Laſting*, his *Heritage*.
19 Amidſt the Ravages of War,
He ſhall be *ſafely* led
Through *All its Furies*; and in time
Of *Dearth*, He ſhall be *fed*.

20 But

20 But *every* Plague th'*Ungodly* finds,
*They* periſh and conſume
Like th'fat of Lambs; and flee away
Like the diſperſed Fume.
21 The Sinful Man, baſe and unjuſt,
*Repays not* what he *ows*:
The Juſt Man's *Merciful*; His Soul
Is *Great*, and He *beſtows*.

22 The Juſt ſhall *proſper* in the Land,
Poſſeſs it, and be *bleſs'd*:
The Sinner ſhall be *rooted out*
Curs'd thence, and *diſpoſſeſs'd*.
23 The Lord *directs* the Good Man's ſteps;
*Joys* in his proſp'rous way:
*Himſelf* his mighty Conduct is,
*Can* the Conducted *ſtray?*

24 Though *his prone* footſteps ſlide, or fall,
Yet He ſhall riſe *again*:
For though *his* ſtrength is *weak* and *frail*,
*God's ſtrong*, who does *ſuſtain*.
25 Through the whole Courſe of Life I've run,
To Age, from Childhood led,
I never ſaw th'Upright forſook,
Nor his Seed beg their Bread.

26 The Good Man's ever Merciful,
And to the *Needy lends*:
And the abundant *Recompenſe*
Unto his *Seed* deſcends.
27 Deteſt, and flee the *hated* Ill,
And do the *Thing* that's *Good*:
And dwell for *ever*: Dwell in *Life*
That has no *Period*.

28. 29. Who

28. 29 Who loves what's *Juſt*, loves what *God* loves,
And *therefore* in *Him truſt*:
Preserves For He ~~Preſerves~~ his *Holy Ones*
The *Pious* and the *Juſt*.
And, *when* the *Sinner*'s Branch cut off,
*Withred*, and *blaſted* lyes;
The Seed o't'h *Juſt*, poſſeſs the Land
Through *all Poſterities*.

30 *Juſtice* and *Judgment* are the *Thoughts*
Which *great Souls* exerciſe:
*Theſe*, they *revolve*; They *ſtudy Theſe*,
And their deep Talk's of *Theſe*.
31 Guided by *theſe*, They from God's Law
Perverted, *ne'r* depart;
For, As theſe Laws their *Judgment* guide,
So They do guide their *Heart*.

32. 33. Th'Unjuſt deſigns 'gainſt th'Life o'th' Juſt,
And waits it to betray:
God reſcues the *weak Innocent*,
And ſaves the *ſentenc'd* Prey.
34 Be Juſt then, and rely on God!
For *He* ſhall *interpoſe*:
*He* ſhall thee ſave, and thou ſhalt ſee
*His Glory* on thy *Foes*.

35 Thus, have I ſeen th'Oppreſſor, *Great*,
Th'Unjuſt Man *flouriſhing*:
*Freſh* as the Laurel, veſted in
Its *own* fair *Native Spring*:
36 But *whilſt I paſs'd*, the gaudy Scene
Was wither'd into *None*:
*He*, and his *Place* were found *no more*,
But ev'n its *Ruines* gone.

37 O!

37 O! then, O do the Thing that's *Right*!
O then keep *Innocence*!
O mind the *Long-Eternal*, mind
The *final Recompense*!
For the *Upright*, the *Perfect* Soul,
The *Pure* and *innocent* Breaſt,
Under the *cool*, th' *Immortal* ſhades
Of *Endleſs Peace*, ſhall *reſt*.

38 But Sinners ſhall *together* fall,
And 'cauſe their ways do *tend*
Unto Perdition, They ſhall reap
Perdition for their *End*.
39. 40 But *All Salvation* is from *God*,
Who will defend the *Juſt*:
Will ſhield, and ſave them from their Foes,
*Becauſe* in Him, They *truſt*.

## Pſalm XXXVIII.

1 O Do not, while thine Anger burns,
Into my Crimes inquire!
For *who* can 'bide *thy wrath*? thy wrath
Is a *conſuming Fire*.
2 Fix'd *deep* within my *inmoſt* Parts,
Thy piercing Arrows ſtand:
I *cannot bear* the heavy ſtroaks
Of thine avenging Hand.

3 My *Body* finds not *any Reſt*,
My grieved *Soul* within,
*Another* ſorer Anguiſh wounds,
Reflecting on my *Sin*.

4 My

4 My Sins oppreſs Me with their Load,
And I, *no Reſt* can find:
9 *Cannot bear it*; *who* can bear
The weight of a *griev'd Mind*?

5 My wounds are putrifi'd, and with
Corruption abound:
I loath *my ſelf*, and hate the *Sin*
And *folly* of my wound.
6 I am *ſo much* oppreſs'd with Grief,
So bow'd, and overborn
With Pains, and Miſeries, that I
*Continually* do mourn.

7 A loathſom Ulcer gnaws my Loins;
*No part* of Me is ſound;
*One Torture* ſeizes *All*; and All
My Body is *One Wound*.
8 My ſtrength's enfeebled quite, and ſpent,
Vanquiſh'd, and overpowr'd
With Pains, which cannot be *expreſs'd*,
But only *groan'd*, and *roar'd*.

9 But, Lord! Although I cannot *ſpeak*
And *tell out* All my Moans,
Thou *know's't* th' *Addreſſes* of *my Soul*,
And *Language* of theſe *Groans*.
10 *What begs* this lab'ring, panting Heart?
Theſe *ſpent*, and *gaſping* Cryes?
*Caſt up to Thee*, theſe *languiſhing*,
Theſe *fading*, *dying* Eyes?

11 *All*, but *Thou*, Lord! have Me *forſook*,
My *former Friends* are *gone*:
My Miſeries *no kindred* find;
They *afar off*, look on.

12 Bu

12 But my *Foes* leave me not; *their* Hate
Purſues Me *more* and *more*:
They lay *New Plots*, and *Snares*, and add
*Their Malice* to *my Sore*.

13. 14 But *I*, who *all* my Truſt repoſe
And Confidence in *Thee*:
As *Deaf*, nor *hear* their Calumnies,
As *Dumb*, make *no Reply*.
15 But hear *Thou*, O my only Hope!
Hear *Me*, and *anſwer Me*:
Hear *Them*, and their *Reproaches* too;
And anſwer *Thou* for *Me*.

16 O let Me not the triumph be
Of mine inſulting Foes!
Who watch inſidiouſly, my Steps,
And each *ſmall lapſe* expoſe.
17 I'm *prone* to ſlide; *ready to halt*;
But as my *Error* is,
So, my continual *Sorrow* is,
My *Grief*, and *Heavineſs*.

18 I therefore will *confeſs* my Sin,
Confeſs my grand Offence:
And *cleanſe* my foul polluted Soul,
By a *deep Penitence*.
19. 20 But Lord! mine Enemies *ſtill live*,
Live *Great*, and live to hate;
And *more* afflict my Soul, becauſe
I *Ill* abominate.

And *chooſe what's Good*; *This* is my Crime,
To *This*, th'are Enemies:
For *This*, they falſly perſecute,
And do oppreſs for *This*.

21. 22 O

21. 22. O be not far, My God! in *Thee*
I *all* my Hope have plac'd:
*Help*, Lord of my Salvation!
And let that Help *make haſte*.

## Pſalm XXXIX.

1. 2. 3 WHile the Ungodly were in ſight,
I a deep ſilence kept;
*Held back*, and bridled in my Tongue,
While my full Paſſions *ſlept*.
For it was *Pain* to *hear* their Words,
And make no *juſt Return*:
At length, the kindled Thought took fire,
And to my God I turn.

4 O Thou! who haſt ſet forth to Man
The *Meaſure* of his Race;
Make Me to know the *Bounds* of Life,
The *Term* I *muſt not* paſs!
5. 6 How *ſwift* is our *contracted* Span!
How *altogether* vain!
How into *Nothing* vaniſhes
The fleeting ſhadow Man!

He *knows not who* ſhall *reap* his *Cares*,
The wealth that *ſtays behind*;
Which has in *vain* diſquieted,
Since it muſt *leave the Mind*.
7 O *where* is then, my *laſting* Hope?
Dear Lord! *where*, but in *Thee*;
Can *that Hope* e're repoſe, that's full
Of *Immortality*?

8 O free Me from the weight of Sin,
Which does my Soul depreſs:
And from the hated, low Contempt
And ſcorn of *Fools*, releaſe.
9 I look'd unto the *Hand* that *ſtrook*,
And 'cauſe from *Thee* did come,
The *juſt Requitals* for my *Sin*,
I *ſuffer'd*, and was *dumb*.

10 But Lord! I am ev'n nigh conſum'd,
O take thy Plague away!
O let thy Mercy *interpoſe*,
And let thy Judgment *ſtay*!
11 *How vain a Thing is Man!* when Thou
For Sin, doſt Man chaſtiſe,
His Form, and his ſwift Beauty *fades*,
Fades, and *before him* dies.

So the fair Texture, and the Pride
Of Garments, by Moths gnawn,
Unravell'd are, and fret away:
*How vain a Thing is Man!*
12 Lord! hear my *humble fervent* Pray'r!
Incline thy *gracious* Ear:
Hear, and *admit* my panting ſighs!
Behold, and *grant* my *Tears*.

My Soul's already on its *wing*,
Returning *Home*; for *here*
I ſtay, but as a *Sojourner*,
As All my Fathers were.
13 O ſpare me yet a *little while*
And my weak ſtrength reſtore!
Before I go from hence, *aſcend*,
And ſhall be ſeen *no more*.

## Psalm XLII.

1 BLeſs'd Fountain of immortal Love!
Not *ſo*, the *chac'd Hart* Pants
After the cool, refreſhing *Streams*,
For *Thee*, as *my Soul* faints.
2 I *thirſt*, I *faint*, I *dye* for Thee,
O *living Spring* of Good!
*When* ſhall my lab'ring, gaſping Soul,
Approach thy bleſs'd Abode?

3 My Tears are my continual Food,
Whilſt They *inceſſantly*,
What's *now*, become of thy *Dear God?*
*Where*'s thy *Sure Refuge?* cry.
4 Then think I on thoſe glad Feaſts, when
*All* in *One Praiſe*, conſpire,
Advancing to thy Houſe; whilſt I
Led the triumphant Quire.

5 *Why* art Thou griev'd? My Soul! and *why*
*Thus labours't* in my Breaſt?
Truſt *Him*, who keeps Thee in *good Days*,
And keeps Thee when *diſtreſs'd*.
6 What though o're *Jordan* th'art Exil'd.
Amidſt the *Hermonites?*
Let *Jordan*'s *Coaſts* his Praiſes learn,
And *Hermon Sion*'s *Rites*.

7 As *One Deep*, to *Another* calls,
By its ſteep Overfal:
So *woe* calls *woe*: and o're my Head
Thou haſt them powred *All*.
8 But, as the *Day* ſucceds the *Night*,
So *Joys* relieve my *Pains*:

My

My *Songs* expreſs my *Joys*; and thus
My *Grief* in *Pray'r*, complains.

9. 10 *Why* haſt Thou *Me*, my God *forgot*?
And *caſt* to th' *Enemy*?
*Why*, with *Reproaches*, am I pierc'd?
Whilſt, *Where's thy God?* they cry:
11 *Why* art Thou griev'd, my Soul! and *why*
*Thus labour'ſt* in my Breaſt?
Truſt *Him*, who keeps Thee in *good Days*,
And keeps Thee when *diſtreſs'd*.

## Pſalm XLIII.

1 AGainſt a Race of impious Men,
Lord! vindicate my Cauſe:
Who own *no Rules* of *Right*, or *Wrong*,
But violate *All Laws*.
2 O *why*, among this Savage Crow'd,
Am *I* an *Exile*, thrown?
Exil'd by *Thee?* groaning, beneath
A *ſcorn'd* Oppreſſion.

3 *Recall* thine Exile! bring him *back*
Unto thy *holy Hill*:
Send forth thy Rays of Truth and Light,
And all his Clouds diſpel.
4 That on thine Altar, I may lay
My *baniſh'd* Offering:
And on my *uſeleſs* Harp, again
*Renew'd* Thanksgivings, ſing.

5 *Why* art Thou griev'd? My Soul! and *why*
*Thus labour'ſt* in my Breaſt?

Truſt *Him*, who keeps Thee in *good Days*,
And keeps Thee when *diſtreſs'd*.

## Pſalm XLVII.

1. 2 GEntiles and *Iſraelites* rejoyce!
And in *One triumph* Sing!
*One God* is o're the *Iſraelites*,
And o're the *Gentiles*, King.
3. 4 He ſhall ſubdue the Nations,
And ſubject them to *Us*;
For, for his *own Inheritance*
He *Iſrael* hath *choſe*.

5 Our God, with the loud Trumpet's Sound,
Aſcended is *on High*:
6 Sing Praiſe to our triumphant King!
And Songs of Victory.
7. 8 God ſits upon his holy Throne
The *Univerſal King*:
Sing unto Him with *voice*, but *more*
With *Underſtanding* ſing.

9 In *Abraham*'s exalted God
*Gentiles* and *Jews* are *One*:
He *ſhields* the Earth, and is become
The *Worlds Salvation*.

Pſalm

# Psalm XLIX.

1. 2 HEar Mortals! *Whoſoever* ye are!
Or *whereſoever* ye be!
Rais'd to the *Proudeſt Heights*, or ſunk
I'th' *loweſt Poverty*:
3. 4 I'll ſtring my great, my Powerful Harp,
And on it *loud* and *high*,
Will ſing of *Wiſdom*; and the Fate
Seal'd on Mortality.

5. 6. 7 *Why* ſhould Death *fright* me? Did Gold e're
The *dying* rich Man *ſave?*
Or *ever ranſom'd Thoſe*, whom Death
Held *Captives* in the *Grave?*
8 O *powerleſs* wealth! O *uſeleſs* ſtore!
*Your Treaſures can't* pay down
A *Price*, will be *accepted* for
A *Soul*'s Redemption.

9 That it ſhould *ſtill* live *Deathleſs here*,
Still *here* its *Portion* have:
Dwell in *Continual* Life, free from
*Corruption* and the *Grave*.
10 We ſee that *Wiſe-Men* dye as *Fools*;
That Death does *level All*;
*Who*, though *unequal* in their *Life*,
Are *equal* in their *Fall*.

And equal, in the loſs of All
Their *Outward*, fruitleſs Toils:
For the falſe wealth forſakes Them *Both*,
And *Others* reap *their* ſpoils.

11 Yet the vain cheated wretches think,
That though *Themſelves* do dye,
*Houſes* or *Lands* ſhall yet preſerve
Their *buried* Memory.

12 But with th'unwiſe, All his vain Pomp,
And All his Glory dyes:
And like the vaniſh'd breath of *Beaſts*
His *Breath* of *Honour* flyes.

13 This is their *way*, their *fooliſh* way,
Which their Deſcendants *praiſe*:
Succeed to the *ſame* follies, and
*Err* in their *Parents ways*.

14 Like ſlaughter'd Sheep, i'th'Grave, they lye,
Death's, and Oblivion's prey:
*Unlike* the *Juſt*; whoſe Reign *begins*
With Life's Eternal Day.

15 But from the Priſon of the Grave,
And Death's cold endleſs Night,
My God will free my *ranſom'd* Soul
Into the Fields of Light.

16 Be not *concern'd*, if Any One
Grow *Rich*, and *Glorious*;
Raiſe to an *undeſerved* Height
His erſt-deſpiſed Houſe.

17 Nought of his Wealth ſhall *follow* Him
To the dark *Sepulchre*:
His Pomps *there* fix'd, *Death's Trophies* are,
Who *holds* the *Captive there*.

18 *What though* his *Scene of Life* ſeem'd *gay*,
*Hung round* with *Vanities*;
When *once* the gaudy Scene is *ſhut*
*All* the *ſhort Fable* dies.

Do

Do Good unto *thy ſelf*; and plant
A *Soul* of *Virtue* in;
'Twill be thy great Reward *above*,
And it will *live* with *Men*.

19 Whilſt worthleſs Souls who tread the Steps
The Fooliſh went before,
Shall *ne'r* ſee Light; but clos'd in ſhades
Of Death, *die evermore*.
20 With the *Unwiſe*, All his vain Pomp
And all his Glory *dyes*:
And, like the vaniſh'd Breath of *Beaſts*,
His *Breath* of *Honour* flyes.

## Pſalm L.

1. 2 THe Mighty Judge o'th' World *deſcends*,
And on Mount *Sion* ſtands:
And to *all Circuits* of the Earth
Sends forth his *dread* Commands.
3 *Torrents of Flames* prepare his way;
Which round about Him, hurl'd,
*Melt down* the Mountains; *break* the Rocks;
And *ſhake* th'aſtoniſh'd world.

4 *All Heaven* attends; *All Earth* appears,
Summon'd to wait their Doom:
To hear the *final* Sentence giv'n,
For the *laſt Day* is *come*.
5 Call all my Saints, who made with Me
Covenant by Sacrifice!
6 Now hear O Heavens! hear, and *confeſs*
Th' *ETERNAL'S* Righteouſneſs.

7 Hear *Israel!* My People hear!
And *thy self* testifie
That *I'm* thy *God*; and *as* thy God
To Thee, my *Mercies be.*
8 I'll not accuse th'*infrequency*
Of thy *burnt Sacrifice*:
And that, sometimes *no incense* did
From the *cold* Altar rise.

9, *&c.* Keep to thy *Self* thy Flocks, and Herds!
For, *could* I hungry be,
I would not take *thy* Bull, or Goat;
Nor would complain to *Thee.*
*All Forrests* and their *Beasts* are *Mine*,
And *every Wing* that *flies*:
Mine's *All the Earth*; and the *whole world*
My *One Enclosure* is.

13 Thinks't Thou I *eat* and *drink?* that I
*To th' End* that I may *feed*,
Require the *needful* Sacrifice,
And that thy *Fatlings bleed?*
14 Be *Just*, and pay thy *Vows* to Me!
To Me, *due Praises* give!
Bring the *pure Heart*, th' *Unblemish'd Soul*,
And let the *Victim live.*

15 When Troubles rise, and Storms disturb
The quiet of thy Dayes:
Call unto *Me*; Thy *God* will *hear*,
And *Thou* thy *God* shalt *Praise.*
16 Then, to the trembling wicked Soul
God spake, How *dars't* thou take
My Covenant in thy Mouth, when Thou
*Each Part* of it hast *brake?*

17 How

17 How *dar'ſt* thou *Teach* my *Holy Laws?*
*Teach* Them, and *Violate?*
When thou doſt *all my words* reject,
And *all* Inſtructions *hate?*
18 Thou *preacheſt* 'gainſt *Adulterers*,
And *preacheſt* 'gainſt the *Thief*;
Yet joyn'ſt with *Both*; and doſt *conſent*
As far, as who were *Chief*.

19 Thou haſt let looſe thy unbridled Tongue
To *every Thing* thats *Ill:*
Whoſe treacherous *Lips*, and fair Deceits,
Do *flatter*, whom they *kill*.
20 Thou doſt not ſpare thy *Mother's Son*,
But his *fair Name* doſt *wrong*;
Nor *Innocence* nor *Brotherhood*
Charm thy invenom'd Tongue.

21 *This* thou haſt *done*; *This* I *beheld*;
And 'cauſe I *ſilence kept*,
Thou thought'ſt I had been like thy *ſelf*,
And that my *Juſtice ſlept*.
But I'll *bring forth* thy *ſecret* Crimes,
Set them *before thine Eyes:*
And from thy *ſelf-accuſing* Breaſt,
Bring forth my *Witneſſes*.

22 O All ye who your *God forget*,
*Think* on! O think on *This!*
For when I you in pieces rend,
None *dare*, none *can* releaſe.
23 Who offers *Praiſes* unto Me,
Does offer *Sacrifice:*
And Him, whoſe Converſation's *right*,
I'll Crown with *endleſs Bliſs*.

Pſalm

# Psalm LI.

1. 2 O Thou Eternal Spring of Good!
Whose Mercies *ever* flow,
And as *thy self*, nor *any Term*,
Nor *any Measure* know;
Let my *transfixed*, *anguish'd* Soul
Prostrate to Thee, *now prove*
Those inexhausted Fountains, and
Unwasted Springs of Love!

3 O wash me in that *living stream*
That flows for the *impure!*
Whose Virtues to my Soul apply'd,
My wounds can *cleanse*, and *cure*.
Can cleanse and cure my *loathsom wounds*,
Which Lord! I *here* disclose;
And *my self* hateful to *my self*,
Lord! I to Thee expose.

4 Against *Thee only*, holy God!
'Gainst Thee I've sinn'd *alone*:
And were it *hid* from *Man*, have in
*Thy sight* this evil done.
Should thy dread Sentence me *condemn*,
*Condemn'd*, I must *confess*
*My Everlasting Doom* were *just*,
And *just thy Righteousness*.

5 In the first early *dawn* of Life,
*Before* I saw the Sun,
Th'accurs'd fruitful *Seeds* of Ill
Stain'd my *Conception*.
6 And though within my lapsed Soul,
*Faint* and *immers'd*, does shine

Thy

Thy Heavenly *Wiſdom*, and a *Ray*
Shot from thy *Light Divine*;

Yet my deprav'd *adulterate* Soul, 1
*Falſe* to that Heav'nly *Fire*,
*Divorc'd* from It, weds the *baſe Luſts*,
And *follies* of *Deſire*.
7 With Hyſop waſh away my ſpots! 1
And my *ſtain'd* Soul ſhall grow
More *ſpotleſs* far, more purely *white*,
Than is the *falling Snow*.

8 O make me hear, yet *once again*,
The *long-departed* voice
Of my *loſt Joys!* that thoſe Bones may
Which Thou haſt *broke*, *rejoyce*.
9 O turn away thy *Purer* Eyes
Which *can no Evil* ſee,
They *ſee not Mine!* but blot out *All*,
*All* mine Iniquity.

10 *Cleanſe* my polluted Heart, O God!
Plant in it *New Deſires*,
Kindle its *fal'n Heats*, and renew
Its bright *Original* Fires!
11 Caſt me not off! *Poſſeſs* me Lord!
Make mine Heart *Thine Abode!*
*Take not* thy Spirit *from me*! Nor
The *Preſence* of my *God!*

12 *Reſtore* me to the Joys again
Of thy *Salvation!*
And let thy Spirit *ſeal*, *thy free*,
*My full* Redemption!
13 Thus taught thy *Juſtice*, and *thy Love*,
They who have ſinn'd *like me*,

Shall

Shall mine *Example* learn, and ſhall
Be *turned* unto *Thee*.

14 God of Salvation! O my God!
From the deep guilt of *Bloud*
Waſh my ſtain'd Soul i'th' *living Springs*
Pure, and immortal Floud.
15 Then of Thy Righteouſneſs, my Lips
Shall the *juſt Glories* raiſe,
When Thou *thy ſelf*, the *Mercy* giv'ſt,
And doſt *inſpire* its *Praiſe*.

16 Could *Offerings* appeaſe thy wrath,
And *Sacrifice* attone:
I had the *certain ſtated Price*
Of all my Sins, *paid down*.
But our Attonement comes not at
So *low*, ſo *vile* a Rate;
Nor Bloud of *Beaſts*, nor *Incenſe*, can
A *Soul's* ſtains, expiate.

17 'Tis the *returning*, *wounded* Spirit,
Is the *true* Sacrifice:
A *Contrite*, and a *bleeding* Heart,
*O God! Thou'l't not deſpiſe*.
18 *Look down* upon thy *Sion*, Lord;
*Build up* the ruin'd wall
Of thy *Jeruſalem*; broke down
And trampled on by *All*.

19 [redacted] *then* 'ſtead of Incenſe, and of Bloud,
And *legal* Sacrifice,
Will [redacted] *Hearts* upon thine Altar lay,
And offer *Righteouſneſs*.

Pſalm

## Psalm LVI.

1 BE merciful, O God! ſave me
From the Contentious:
Who to my State, my Life, my Fame,
And all my Peace, are Foes.
2. 3. Nor are they *few*, who me aſſail,
But *Many* do combine:
They would diſmay me *quite*, but that
I *know* that I am *thine*.

4 *Thy word of Promiſe* is my *Truſt*,
And when I look *thereto*,
As with *New Pow'rs* inform'd, I riſe,
Fearleſs what *Man* can do.
5 They *wreſt* my words, and make them ſpeak
*Another Senſe* from *Mine*:
*Interpret*, what I *plainly* meant
Unto their *own* Deſign.

6 They meet together, and *conſult*,
Weave *curious* Plots, and *dark*:
And to enſnare my eaſie Soul,
All my *Plain* Footſteps mark.
7 Shall theſe their *fair frauds* thrive? and ſtall
Succeſs, the *treacherous* crown?
Defeat their Counſels! break their Snares!
And themſelves tumble down.

8 Thou know'ſt my Errors, and my faults,
But *when* for them I mourn,
*Record* my Sorrows! treaſure up
My Tears within thine Urn.
9 When truſting in thy help, I call,
Mine Enemies ſhall flee:

I can.

I cannot doubt of my Success,
When *God* does fight for me.

10. 11 *Thy word of Promise* is my *Trust*,
And when I look *thereto*,
As with *New Pow'rs* inspir'd, I rise;
Fearless what *Man* can do.

12 And now to *God* I'll pay my *Vows*,
And unto Him give *Praise*:
Who hath sustain'd my falling steps,
And hath prolong'd my days.

13 That rescu'd from the *Grave*, I may
Walk *still* as in *thy sight*:
Rescu'd from Sorrows and the Grave,
Among the Sons of Light.

## Psalm LVIII.

1 DOes *Justice*, O ye Sons of Men!
Your mighty minds possess?
D'ye *Prize*, 'bove the *great Friend*, or *Bribe*,
The *greater Righteousness*?

2 O no! your base degenerate Souls
Are *mighty* to *oppress*:
Your sordid earthly Minds *design*,
And Hands *work* wickedness.

3 The Sinner's from the *womb*, perverse;
*Deserts* Truths virtuous way:
*Chooses* the crooked, wily path,
And *loves* to go *astray*.

4. 5 Their Poyson, as the *Serpent's* is,
The killing *Lip* and *Tongue*

Con-

*Conveys* the *Death*, beyond the Power
Of the wise Charmer's Song.

6 Break Lord! the *Teeth*, and the *Jaw-bones*,
Of these *wild Beasts* of Prey:
Who, like young Lions, do devour;
Cruel, and fierce as they.

7 Let a *continual* expence
Consume their wealth in *vain!*
As water *drank up* by the *Sands*,
Ne'r *gather'd up* again.

When they against the guileless Breast
Their cruel Bow have bent,
*Save Lord!* and *stop* the *flying Death!*
And *cover* th' *Innocent*.

8 Let them dye *loathsome!* and, like Snails
Melt, and dissolve to *slime*:
And, as unripe *Abortives* fall,
So fall before *their Time*.

9 Let Vengeance seize them, *swifter* than
*Thorns* can a *Vessel heat*:
With *greater Torment*, than *rough Hands*
A *raw* wound, vex and fret.

10 When *thus*, upon the guilty Head,
*Just* Vengeance shall descend,
Th' Upright shall *glory give* to God,
And triumph in his End.

11 And *All* shall say, *There is a God*
Does Humane Things *regard*:
And *who*, according to our Deeds,
Does *punish*, and *reward*.

## Psalm LXI.

1. 2. 3 Exil'd to th' *utmost Parts* of th' Earth,
And overwhelm'd with Grief,
To Thee, my anguish'd Soul does flee,
Hear Lord! and send Relief.
O place me on that *mighty Rock*,
Where I *secure* may lye,
Rais'd *'bove my Self*, and *'bove* the Powr's
Of my *low* Enemy.

4 Under the Covert of *thy wing*
I will for *ever* lye;
And, in *thy House repos'd*, enjoy
A *calm* felicity.

5 For Thou hast heard the vows I made,
And, to th' Inheritance
Of those, who fear thine honour'd Name,
Thy Servant hast advanc'd.

6. 7 Thou Lord! to thine Anointed One
A lasting Life shalt lend:
Lasting as Ages; which shall be
Renew'd when *Ages end*.
Thine everlasting Mercies Lord!
And thy firm Truth, prepare:
Safety will surely guard Him, when
He's thus th' *Almighty's Care*.

8 *Then*, will I always sing thy Praise,
And to Thee, day by day,
Taught by thy Mercies still renew'd,
My vows renew and pay.

## Psalm LXII.

1. 2 I wait upon *no Other* Help
But on my *God alone:*
I *cannot fall*, when *He's my Rock*,
*He*, my *Salvation.*
3 *How long* then, 'gainſt the Man, who has
So *ſure*, ſo *firm* a ſtay,
Will ye vain Miſchiefs *Plot?* and *throw*
Your *Policies away?*

For know! that like a *feeble Hedge*,
A *ſapp'd* and *ruinous Wall*;
You, and your Plots ſhall be broke *through*,
And Both, *ſupplanted, fall.*
4 To put down *Him*, God does *exalt*,
Is *That* they do deſign:
For *this*, they *Lie*; and *bleſs without*;
But their Hearts *curſe within.*

5. 6 But *wait*, O thou my Soul! on *God*;
*He* is thy Help, *alone:*
I *can't* be *mov'd*, when *He's* my *Rock*,
*He*, my *Salvation.*
7 He doth both *guard*, and *honour* me
With his *Salvation:*
*God's* both my *Glory* and *Defence*;
My *Safety*, and my *Crown.*

8 *Truſt then*, O All ye Sons of Men!
Truſt *only* in the *Lord!*
At *All times* truſt, and ſeek to Him;
*None elſe* can Help afford.
9 Truſt not in any *Mortal Man*,
For whether *low*, or *high*,

*Both* will *deceive*; disabled by
Or *Death* or *Vanity*.

Vanity *turns* the *tender* Scale,
And it *self*, *outweighs Man*;
Who, *less* in Pow'r than *Vanity*,
Is *more vain* than *what's vain*.
Trust not, what cruel *Ravages*
Or Spoils, *Oppressions* give:
Make not the wedg of *Gold* thy Hope,
Nor *trust* that *Fugitive*.

11 But trust in *God*; for God Himself
Has said, *All Power is Mine*:
O trust in *Him* then! flee to *Him*!
*His Power* will be *thine*.
12 Trust in the *Lord*! for God is *Good*;
And will, *to All*, dispense
According to their *works*, a *full*
*Abounding* Recompence.

## Psalm LXV.

1 IN *Sion* Lord! our *Hymns* Thee Praise,
But our deep *silence*, *more*:
For, to set forth th' *Ineffable*,
*Voices*, and *Words* are *poor*.
2. 3 O Thou! who *only* heareſt Pray'r,
To Thee, All flesh shall come;
And beg, as we, due to our Crimes,
Thou wilt reverse the Doom.

4 How bless'd is he, who in thy Courts
Thou chooseſt to abide!

For,

For, with the Pleaſures of thine Houſe,
He ſhall be ſatisfied.
5 O *Hope*, and *Terrour* of the Earth!
Thou ſend'ſt down from Above,
Dreadful Examples through the World,
Of *Judgment*, and of *Love*.

6 The threatning Mountains, by thy Pow'r
Thou haſt eſtabliſhed:
And *high*, above the Tempeſts Rage
Secur'd their *quiet* Head.
7 Thou *check's't* the ſtormy winds deaf Rage,
*Calm'ſt* the impetuous Deep:
*Charm'ſt* the tumultuous Monſters there,
And *all* its Terrors *ſleep*.

8 They, who poſſeſs the fartheſt Coaſts
Of Nature, dread thy Might:
And *They*, Thee Praiſe, where Thou haſt fix'd
The Bounds of Day and Night.
9, 10 Thou, from the Clouds, drops't *Plenty* down,
Convey'd in *fertile ſhow'rs*:
Which on the Boſom of the Earth,
Their plenteous River pour's.

The Earth *prepar'd*, Thou giv'ſt them *Corn*;
Which, on the furrows ſpread,
Thou *melteſt* with thy *ſoft warm Dews*,
*Quickning* the *tender Seed*.
11 Thou doſt the year with *Goodneſs* Crown;
*All Bleſſings* flow from *Thee*:
*Thy Clouds* drop *fatneſs*, and around
Diſpenſe *Fertility*.

12 They drop upon the parched Scene
O'th' *barren* Wilderneſs;

Make *Deſarts*, *Paſtures*; make the Hills
*On every ſide*, Thee Bleſs.
13 *Paſtures* with *Flocks*, are covered,
*Valleys* ſtand thick with *Corn*;
*Paſtures*, and *Valleys*, *both* do ſing,
And Praiſe to *Thee* return.

## Pſalm LXVII.

1 BE merciful O God! and grant
The Sun of Righteouſneſs
With *healing* underneath his *wing*
May on thy *Servants riſe*.
2 That *All the Nations* of the World
Who yet in Darkneſs ſit,
I'th' Region of the ſhade of Death,
May ſee thy *ſaving Light*.

3 Let *All the People* bleſs Thee Lord!
*All* thy *Redeem'd* Thee Bleſs:
Let *All the World* be thy *Redeem'd*,
That *All* may Thee confeſs.
4 *All* will rejoyce when Righteouſneſs
Shall thus from Heav'n look down:
When *God* ſhall govern *All the Earth*,
And ſhall reign King *alone*.

5 Let *All the People* bleſs Thee, Lord!
All Thy *Redeem'd*, Thee bleſs:
Let *All the World* be thy *Redeem'd*,
That *All* may Thee confeſs.
6 The Thorns and Briars on the Earth,
And Curſe of Barrenneſs

Laid

Laid on the Ground for Man, ſhall *ceaſe*
When God the *Man* ſhall *bleſs*.

7 And God ſhall bleſs us; and ſhall Bleſs
His People *every where*:
For *All* the People ſhall be *His*,
And Him, their God *ſhall fear*.

## Pſalm LXXI.

1 IN *Thee*, O Refuge of the World!
In Thee, I put my *truſt*:
O hear Me, and deliver Me!
Save Lord! for Thou art Juſt.
2. 3 Be my continual, nigh Defence!
My Fortreſs, and my Tow'r;
And, from the hands of Cruel Men
My preſent Saviour.

5. 6 For thou haſt been my *early* Hope
From *th'womb* through *all my Days*:
Thou took'ſt Me *thence*, and *ſtill* ſuſtain'ſt,
O my *Continual* Praiſe!
7 I am, to All, who look on Me
A ſcorn, and wonder, made:
Yet *ſtill* I truſt in Thee, and *ſtill*
My Hope in *Thee*, is laid.

8 Help, and ſuſtain thy Servant, Lord!
And fill my Mouth with *Praiſe*:
And let *thy Name*, and *Honour* be
The Song of *All my Days*.
9 Caſt me not off in Time of *Age*
When *ſtrength* does me forſake:

But my *gray hairs*, and *feeble* Powr's
To *thy Protection* take.

10. 11 For, my unworthy Foes wait, how
They may the *weak* betray:
*Now* take Him, whilſt He *helpleſs* is,
His God is *gone*, ſay they.
12. 13 But be not *far*, O Thou my Truſt!
But help me *ſpeedily*:
And let thoſe, who purſue My Soul,
Sham'd, and diſhonour'd dye.

14. 15 For I will *always* hope in Thee,
And *more* and *more* Thee bleſs:
And thy Salvations *daily* Praiſe,
Which yet are *numberleſs*.
16 I'll ſing thy *Strength* and *Pow'r*, and in
That Pow'r, will put my *Truſt*;
I'll ſing thy *Juſtice*, thine *alone*,
For Thou, *alone*, art Juſt.

17 Thou, Lord! haſt taught Me from my *Youth*
To celebrate thy Glory:
I have both *ſung* thy Goodneſs, Lord!
And I have *liv'd* its ſtory.
18 And though *Age haſtes*, quench not the *flame*
Of thine *inſpired Song*;
Till to *this Age*, and *future Times*,
I've ſung thee *high*, and *long*.

19 How *high* is thy great Juſtice, Lord!
Above all *Praiſes*, high!
How *wonderful* the Things Th'haſt done!
*Who*, Lord! is like to *Thee?*
20 When I look back on the *paſt* Scene
Of Life, that's *fled away*;

View

View th' *intermix'd Shade*, and *Light*,
Of *Sorrow*, and of *Joy*:

21 And, How Thou haſt on *every ſide*
At *length*, Me *comforted*,
And to *unlook'd for Honour*, haſt
Rais'd my *dejected* Head:
22 *How*, Shall I Praiſe Thy *Faithfulneſs?*
*What Harp*, or *Pſaltry*,
O Holy One of *Iſrael!*
Can give *due* Thanks to *Thee?*

23. 24 My Lips, and Tongue, ſhall offer up
The *Sacrifice* of *Praiſe*:
And my redeem'd Soul, Thee bleſs
*All* its remaining Days.
For, thoſe who ſought my Hurt, Thou haſt
Brought to Confuſion;
Haſt freed the Soul *truſted* in Thee,
And trod its Enemies down.

## Pſalm LXXIII.

1 IT cannot be, but the *Upright*,
The *guileleſs* Iſraelite,
*What e'r* his Lot be here *below*,
Muſt be his *God*'s *Delight*.
2. 3 Yet my *unwary* footſteps *ſlipt*,
And I was almoſt *loſt*,
When I beheld the *Proſperous Fool*,
And the *ſecure Unjuſt*.

4 *No* languiſhing *Diſeaſe*, *No Pain*
Their Life, *uneaſie* make:

And when their Sands are all *dropt down*,
A *quiet Death* o'rtakes.
5 *No Plague* their dwelling does infeſt,
And *no Misfortunes* try:
They ſuffer not like *Other Men*,
Nor know *Adverſity*.

6 Hence, as with rich Chains deck'd, they ſwell
With *Pride* and *Inſolence*:
And, with *Spoils raviſh'd* from the *weak*,
Are *cloath'd* with *Violence*.
7 Glutted with *Riot*, and *Exceſs*,
They, their ſwoln Eyes, *inflame*:
Yet nor *Exceſs*, nor *Riots*, can
Their vaſt *Abundance*, *tame*.

8 For, with *renew'd* Oppreſſions,
They *ſtill* their Stores *increaſe*:
And juſtifie with haughty words,
Their cruel Ravages.
9 And, ſince *no Arm* from *Heav'n* appears
To check their bold *ſucceſs*,
They ſacrifice to their *own Arm*,
And *all of Heav'n*, deſpiſe.

10 Wherefore, the People judging, that
The *Proſperous* are the *Good*,
Fall to them; by whoſe *full Stores*, they
*Live*, and *obey* for *Food*.
11 Saying, that God does not, from *Heav'n*
The things *below*, regard:
Does not the *Guilty puniſh*, nor
The *Innocent reward*.

12 For lo! these Men are *impious*,
And yet these Impious, *thrive*:
Mighty in *Power*, and in *Wealth*,
And *for* Oppression, live.
13. 14 *In vain*, then have I cleans'd my Heart;
Been Innocent, *in vain*:
With *unregarded* Penitence
Have sought to cleanse my Stain.

15. 16. 17 Is *Goodness* then, a *worthless Thing*?
Shall *Good Men* be the *Shame*,
*The Scorn*, and *Spoil* of *Fools*? And is
*Great Virtue* but a *Name*?
*This cannot be*; yet a dark Cloud
Still veil'd the Mystery,
Till a *clear Ray* pierc'd the dull Mist
Shot from *thy Sanctu'ry*.

18 *There*, I beheld their *future State*,
The *Pit*, to which they *tend*,
The *slippery*, *smooth*, descending *way*,
But the *precipitate End*.
19 How, in a *Moment*, do they fall
And perish dreadfully!
They, in a *Moment fall*, but faln,
They *lye eternally*.

20 As th'Apparition in a *Dream*,
And *Vision* of the Night,
*Waking*, does *vanish*; vanishes
The *Vision* of the *Great*.
21. 22 Thus was I vex'd, and thus, my Heart
Was griev'd within my Breast:
And, *till* I was inspir'd by *Thee*;
Was stupid as a Beast.

23 But

23 But, by the *Preſence* of thy *Pow'r*,
Thy Servant is ſuſtain'd:
For Thou art with me *ſtill*; I'm *ſtill*
Held up by *Thy Right Hand.*
24 Thy *Heavn'ly Wiſdom* from Above
*Still* guides, and governs me:
And by thy Counſels, I'm led on
To *Immortality.*

25 *Whom*, have I in the Heaven's but *Thee?*
And *what*, can *Earth* afford?
Earth's *vain*, and Heavn's *not Heav'n*, without
*The Preſence* of *my Lord.*
26 My Fleſh and Heart do *fail*, and all
The *Objects* they deſire:
But Thou *ſuſtain'ſt* the Soul *loves Thee*,
And its *Immortal Fire.*

27 All they, who on *falſe Objects* doat,
And are eſtrang'd from *Thee*;
*They*, and their *falſe*, *adulterate Loves*,
Shall periſh *utterly.*
28 But *I*, who *only* ſeek my *God*,
*Only* on *Thee* rely:
Love *only Thee*, ſhall Praiſe thy Works,
*Here*, and *Eternally.*

## Pſalm LXXVI.

1. 2 THe Lord of Hoſts in *Judah*'s known,
And known in *Iſrael:*
His Tabernacle, *Salem* holds,
His Dwelling, *Sion*'s Hill.

3 *There*

3 *There*, He the Bow, and Arrows brake,
The *glittering* Sword and Shield:
And, with his *own* Victorious Arm
*Himself* has gain'd the Field.

4 *True Glory* waits on thy juſt *Arms*,
Which, th' *unjuſt Robber flyes*:
Honour *leaves him*, who only is
*Glorious* in *Ravages*.

5 The Spoilers ſpoil'd; his threatning Eyes
Sleep in Eternal Night:
The Potent Ones enfeebled were,
With their falſe Pow'r and Might.

6, 7 At *Thy* Rebuke, O Lord of Hoſts!
The Horſe, and Chariot *both*,
Are ſaln; for, in *thy Preſence*, *who*
Can ſtand, when Thou art wroth?

8 When Thou, from Heav'n, didſt vengeance threat,
And th' Air with Horror, fill;
Aſtoniſh'd at the dreadful voice,
Th' affrighted Earth was ſtill.

9 And when, to vindicate the *Meek*,
Thou didſt to Judgment come,
Th' *Oppreſſed*'s *Cauſe* Thou undertook'ſt,
Honour'd the righteous Doom.

10 The vengeance *puniſh'd* and *reſtrain'd*
Mans Rage, and Tyranny:
Which made thy Judgment *Glorious*,
A Judgment worthy *Thee*.

11 O all ye whom your God has *freed*,
All ye Redeem'd below!
*Vow*, and bring Preſents to your God;
*Vow!* and *Perform* your Vow!

12 *He*,

12 *He, only*, rules the Hearts of Men;
*He*, Princes Spirits reſtrains;
And, o'r the *Great-Ones* of the Earth
*Himſelf*, the *Greateſt*, Reigns.

## Pſalm LXXVII.

1. 2. 3 WHen *Grief* o'rwhelm'd my anxious *Mind*,
And, *all my Body, pain*;
When *Mind*, nor *Body* could find *Reſt*,
I *thus* to God complain.

4. 5 Thou holdeſt my heavy Eyes awake,
With Griefs not to be told:
I've *no Relief*, but to think on
Thy Mercies ſhewn of *Old*.

6 When er'ſt, the *now-dull*, tedious Night
Did *Joy*, and *Comfort* bring:
When *Midnight* Prais'd Thee, and my *Song*
Gave Time a *ſwifter* Wing.
Reflecting on *thoſe Times*, my Soul
Into *it ſelf*, retires;
And thus, from *Paſt Experience*
Kindles *New* Hopes, and Fires.

7. 8. 9 Can God, *for ever*, caſt me off?
*No more* my Cryes attend?
Are *All* the *Springs* of Pity *dry*?
Compaſſion, at an *End*?
Can *Truth it ſelf* of *Promiſe fail*?
*Love*, not be *gracious*?
Can *Pity*, *Tenderneſs*, forget?
*Mercy*, *Compaſſion* loſe?

10 Vain

10 Vain impious frailty! See Times *paſt!*
*Look back*, my Soul! and ſee
The years of *Mercy*; years o'th' great
*Right Hand* of the Moſt High.
11. 12 Think upon all his works *of Old!*
And thoſe great wonders tell!
13. 14. 15 Wonders, by which the Holy God
Redeem'd his *Iſrael.*

16 The waters *ſaw Thee*, Powerful Lord!
Saw Thee, and ſeeing, *fled:*
And from their *now diſcover'd* Depths
To *New Receſſes*, fled.
17. 18 The teeming Clouds *whole flouds* pour'd down,
And, *big with Horror*, hurld
Thine *Arrows*, *Fires*, and *Thunders* down
Aud ſhook th'aſtoniſh'd World.

19 Thy way is in the *Sea*, Great God!
Thy Paths are in *the Deep:*
And, *clos'd* to the dark Eyes of *Men*,
Thine *unknown* Footſteps *ſleep*,
20 By *Moſes*, and by *Aaron*'s Hand,
The Shepherds of thy Flock,
Thou ledſt thy People *Iſrael*,
From *Egypt's* Bondage, took.

## Pſalm LXXXII.

1 KNow, *All ye Judges* of the Earth!
When you, in Judgment ſtand,
An *unſeen Judg* is in the *midſt*,
And *notes* what you command.

2 How

2 How *dare* ye then, regard, and weigh,
The *Perſon*, not the *Cauſe?*
And, for the Powerful *Man*, or *Friend*,
Wreſt, and pervert the *Laws?*

3 You are *intruſted* with the *Poor*;
Th'*Oppreſs'd*, and *Fatherleſs*;
Who have *no Bribes*; and, 'cauſe th'are Poor
They have your *favour leſs*.
4 Save the *Poor Man* from the *dear Friend!*
And from th'*opreſſing Great*:
*Dare to be Juſt!* and vindicate
The *Honour* of your *Seat*.

5 But, (what ye Boaſt) your *wiſdom* fails;
Your *Underſtanding*'s gone:
*Wilfully blind*, of *Right* and *wrong*
Ye *move* the Foundation.
6 I've ſaid y'are *Gods*; and that ye *All*
Are *Sons* of the *Moſt High*:
But ye ſhall *dye* like *Men*; and ſhall
*Low*, as *falſe Princes*, lye.

7 Ariſe, O Lord! and *all* the Earth
To *thy Tribunal*, bring:
For *Thou* art *Juſt*; and over All
The *grieved* World, art King.

## Pſalm LXXXIV.

1 HOw *lovely*, O great God of war
Thy *Tabernacles* be!
2 My *longing Soul*, my Heart and Fleſh
*Faint*, for thy *Courts*, and *Thee*.

3 The

3 The *Sparrow* nigh Thine Altars, may,
And *Swallow*, build their Neſt:
*Happy* thy *Servant*, *might He*, *there*
Fix his beloved Reſt.

4 For *no Bliß* e're can equal *theirs*
Who, in *Thy Houſe*, do dwell:
For, with *continual* Songs of Praiſe,
They magnifie Thee *ſtill*.
5 And Happy, *They*, whom, taught by *Thee*,
*Devout Affections* fill:
Who *long* to *tread thoſe ways*, which lead
Unto thy *Holy Hill*.

6 Which ways Thou *bleſſeſt*; for, as they
Through *thirſty Deſarts* go,
*Rain*'s for *their Uſe*, make *Pools*; for *them*
*Commanded* Springs do *flow*.
7 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength, till *All*
In *Sion* do appear:
And *All* thine *Iſrael* flow to Thee
I'th *ſtated Feaſts* o'th' year.

8. 9 O Lord of Hoſts, my Prayer hear!
Be Thine Anointed's Shield:
With Thy *Choice* Bleſſings, crown his Head,
Bleſſings *Thy Courts* do yield.
10 For *One Day* ſpent within *thy Courts*
Is more delightful far,
Than within any *Other Place*
To dwell, a *Thouſand* are.
I'd rather, at thy Temple's *Gate*,
Its *loweſt Servant*, wait;
Than in the Tents of *Sinners*, with
Their *Guilt*, enjoy their *State*.

11 For,

11 For, to th'*Upright*, their Lord will both
*Safety*, and *Splendour*, yield:
Will, their great Souls with Glories *deck*,
And will, with Glories, *ſhield*.

12 O Lord of Hoſts! *happy's* the Man,
And *truly* bleſs'd is He,
Who quits all *vain*, all *Other* Helps,
And truſts *alone* in *Thee*.

## Pſalm LXXXV.

1. 2 THou, Lord! haſt freed th'Oppreſſed Land;
*Captiv'd Captivity*:
*Cover'd* our Sins, and *blotted out*
*All* our Iniquity.
3. 4 Haſt, from Thine Anger *turn'd away*;
Doſt thy fierce wrath, *appeaſe*:
O turn *Us* too! Turn *Us*, O Lord!
That thy wrath *ſtill* may ceaſe.

5 Wilt Thou extend thine Anger, Lord!
To *all Poſterity*?
6 *No more*, again, thy *dead revive*,
That we may joy in *Thee*?
7. 8 Shew *Mercy!* and ſpeak *Peace*, O Lord!
Lord! *They ſhall* Peace obtain,
Who do, *from Sin*, and folly *turn*,
If they turn not *again*.

9 To thoſe, who *fear* the Living Lord,
His great Salvation's *near*:
And, in our Land, Glory ſhall dwell,
*When* we our God ſhall *fear*.

10 *Mercy*

10 *Mercy* shall *then* meet with bleſſed *Truth*;
Deſcending Righteouſneſs
Shall meet fair *Peace*; and the Divine
Beauties each Other kiſs.

11. 12 *Truth*, *then*, ſhall flouriſh from the *Earth*;
*Juſtice* from *Heaven*, look down:
And *God Himſelf*, with *All* that's *good*,
Shall Bleſs our Region.
13 Juſtice, *before Him*, ſhall advance,
And *ſign* his Glorious way;
And *guide* our Steps, that from the Earth,
*All Guilt* be done away.

## Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 BOw down Thine Ear, O Lord! to Me,
Poor, and in Miſery:
2 *Preſerve* thy Servant's Soul, becauſe
Thy Servant *truſts* in Thee.
3. 4. 5 Have Mercy Lord! Rejoyce my Soul!
For Thou art good to *All*
Who *truſt*, and *call* on *Thee*, and I
*Daily*, on Thee do *call*.

6. 7. *Hear* Lord! and *ſuccour* me! for Thou
I'th' Day of Miſery,
*Wilt hear*; Hear Lord! thy Servant's Cry!
*Hear* Me, and *ſuccour* Me.
8 And Thou *canſt* ſuccour, Lord! For *who*,
*Who*, *all the God's* among,
Can do as *Thou?* to *whom*, but *Thee*,
Does *Strength*, and *Pow'r* belong?

9 All the *dispersed* Race of Man,
The Creature of thy Hand,
Unto his Maker's Powerful Name
Shall bow in *ev'ry Land.*
10 Shall say, Thou, Lord! *alone*, art *Great*,
And by great Wonders *known*:
Wonders, no *Other God* can do,
For *Thou*, art God, *alone*.

11 *Teach us* thy way of *Truth*, O Lord!
And we, *that Path* will tread:
*Unite our Hearts* to fear thy Name!
And we, thy Name will dread.
12. 13 We will, for *ever*, Bless Thee, Lord!
And *those* great Mercies, tell,
*By which*, Thou hast *redeem'd* our Souls
From out the *lowest Hell.*

14 O God! the Violent seek my Soul;
The Proud against me rise:
*Joyn* in Conspiracies, and ne'r
Set *Thee* before their Eyes.
15 But O Thou! my great Help, *alone*,
God of Compassion!
By *plenteous Mercies*, *Truth*, and *Love*,
And by *Long-suffering*, known;

16. 17. Shew thy Compassions *now*, O Lord!
And, by some *Powerful sign*,
*Tell* my proud Foes, *Thou* art *my God*,
And I, thy Servant, *Thine*.

# Psalm LXXXVIII.

1. 2 HEar Lord! Lord of Salvation, Hear!
For *Day*, and *Night*, I cry:
O hear me! for my Soul is *full*,
*Full* of Calamity.

3. 4 My Life *draws nigh* to the *dark Grave*,
My feeble Strength is *fled*:
*Tir'd out*, and *ſpent*, and *languiſhing*,
I'm *numbred* with the *Dead*.

5. 6 I'm caſt into the *loweſt* Pit
As, whom the Sword cuts down;
*One night's* drawn or'e the *Dead*, and *Me*,
And *One Oblivion*.

7 And *yet* thy wrath's not *turn'd away*,
But does purſue Me *ſtill*?
*One Plague*, *another*, urges on,
As Waves do Waves impel.

8. 9 Thou haſt my Friends, put *far away*,
*All* me abominate:
*All thoſe*, who, by my *Fortunes*, *led*,
*With them*, me *love*, or *hate*.
I am in Priſon, *faſt* ſhut up,
Whence, unto *Thee*, I cry;
Mourn, and my *feeble*, *loaded* Arms
Heave, *Painfully*, to *Thee*.

10 Lord! Wilt Thou thy great wonders ſhew
I'th' Region of *Death*?
Shall *Praiſes* by the *Dead*, be *Sung*?
The *cold*, *departed* Breath?

11 Shall *Graves* their *ſealed Priſons* ope?
And, from *their Silence*, raiſe
*A voice* to *ſing* Thy Faithfulneſs,
And *celebrate* Thy Praiſe?

12 Shall *Darkneſs*, and the *ſhade of Death*
Make thy great Wonders *known*?
Juſtice, *remembred* be, i'th Land
Where dwells *Oblivion*?

13 Lord! *raiſe* thy Servant up! whoſe Pray'r
Each Day, *Prevents the Morn*:

14 *Why*, Lord! doſt thou *reject* my Soul?
Thy Face, in *Anger* turn?

15. 16 My God! I *dye*. Thy terrors have
*Broke* my afflicted *Heart*:
I 've been the Mark of *all thy Plagues*,
And receiv'd *ev'ry Dart*.

17 Thy Plagues, like *waters* compaſs Me
About on *ev'ry ſide*:
I cannot *ſtand* the *Rage* o'th *Flood*,
Nor *ſtem* th'*impetuous Tide*.

18 *Thoſe Friends*, whom, by Adverſity
Try'd, have *endur'd* the *Teſt*,
Thou haſt *remov'd*; and from my Soul
*All Succour*, baniſheſt.

## Pſalm XC.

1 LOrd! Thou, from Generation,
To Generation,
Haſt *ever* our *ſure Refuge* been,
And *Strong* Salvation.

2 But,

2 But *e'r* thoſe Generations *were*,
E'r *Natures Self* was *born*,
E'r *Mountains* were *brought forth*, and e'r
The *Dawn* o'th'Worlds *firſt Morn*:

When *Time it ſelf was not*, Thou, *then*,
*Then*, O Eternal God!
*Wert* God; *art now*; wilt *ever be*,
Beyond *Time's period*.

3 But *Man*, *frail Man*, as ſoon, as Thou
Shalt ſay, *Return to Earth!*
*Falls down* into his *Duſt*, until
His laſt *Eternal Birth*.

4 A *Thouſand* years are *in Thy ſight*
But as *One watch* o'th' *Night*;
Or, the *Paſt Hours* of *Yeſterday*,
When *Both* have *took their flight*.

5. 6 Time *bears us down*; on whoſe *proud* Flood
*Still gliding*, we *roul* on:
Life's like a *ſleep*; and when we *wake*,
*Life*, and the *Dream* is *gone*.

W'are like the *Flow'r*, whoſe *Morn* was fair,
*Freſh*, *Sweet*, and *Flouriſhing*:
But *pale*, and *drooping*, and *cut down*,
Withers in the *Evening*:

7. 8. 9 For, we *our ſelves*, contract our Span
By our Iniquity:
And, by *two deaths* wounded, fall by
*Sin*, and *Mortality*.

For Sin, and Folly, meaſure out
The Bounds of our *Short* Race:
And, with *their Puniſhments*, conclude
The *Story* of Our Days.

10 Our Time is *threeſcore* years and *ten*,
But, who attains *fourſcore*,
*Out-lives* his *Strength*; *out-lives* his *Health*;
*Tells Hours*, but *dyes before*.

11 For, thy juſt puniſhment for Sin,
And thy wrath, *who can bear?*
Which *waſtes* our years in *Pain*; and which
Is *equal* to *Our fear*.
12 Since then Our Life's *divided* thus,
'Twixt *Sin*, and *Folly*, thrown,
*Falſe Joys*, *true Griefs*, that not the *leaſt*
*Part* of our Life's *Our Own*:

O teach us to *compute* the Hours
Which, to *Our Selves remain!*
Value the *precious Sands*, which dropping
Down, *ne'r* aſcend again!
That we may cultivate our *Minds*,
Life's *waſted* Hours, *retrieve*:
True *Heavenly Wiſdom* learn; and *for*
*Our Selves*, *ſome Moments* live.

13 *Turn Lord! How long!* At *length* remit
Our Plagues! *Be gracious!*
And *give* the *few-remaining* Hours
Of Life, *wholly* to *us*.
14. 15 O *ſatisfie* our Souls with *Joy*,
As they with *Griefs*, have been!
*Make good* thoſe *waſted* Hours, in which
We have *Affliction ſeen*.

16 Let theſe thy works of Mercy, Lord!
Of Favour, and of Grace,
Be ſhewn to *Us*, and be *extended*
To our *Succeeding Race*.

And

And let the glorious Preſence, of
Our God, *on us deſcend!*
Bleſs *All our works*, and bring them, to
A *good*, and proſp'rous *End*.

## Pſalm XCI.

1 WHo, cover'd with th' *Almighty's wing*,
*Him*, their *Defence*, have made,
May reſt *ſecure* under the *great*
*Impenetrable Shade*.
For *I* have *truſted* Lord! in *Thee*
And *thy Protection*:
And *truſting*, have *Thee ſtill* my Rock,
*Still* my *Sure Refuge*, known.

3. 4 As the Bird 'ſcapes the Fowler's Snare
*Hid* for his Liberty:
From the Deceivers *guileful Trap*
*So*, He ſhall reſcue *Thee*,
Shall ſave Thee from the noiſom Peſt,
And, plac'd beneath *his Wing*,
*That Wing* ſhall thy *Protection* be,
And *Truth* thy *Covering!*

5. 6 Not the dark Terrours of the *Night*,
Nor th' Arrows of the *Day*:
The Peſts *unſeen* Darts, nor *bold Deaths*
Day ſcatters, Thee affray.
7. 8 On *this Hand Thouſands* fall; On *that*
*Another Thouſand* bleed:
Whilſt *Thou ſecure*, only *God's Doom*
Shalt on the *Impious*, *heed*.

9. 10 For, Since the Pow'rful God, *alone*
Thou haſt thy *Refuge*, made,
*No Ill* ſhall *nigh* Thee, come; *No Plague*
Thy Dwelling ſhall invade.
11. 12 Angels take *Care* of Thee, Thou art
*A Part* of *their Commands:*
Who, that thy foot not *ſtumble*, are
*To bear Thee in their Hands.*

13 Thou ſhalt, the *Lions* fury, *tame*;
And cruſh the *Adder's* Head:
And o'r their *threatning Claws*, and *Stings*,
Thou ſhalt, as *Victor*, *tread.*
14 For ſince, (ſays God) his *Fear* and *Love*
He plac'd *alone*, in *Me:*
And *Me* reveres, I'll reſcue Him,
And ſet Him ſafe on high.

15 When He does *call*, I'll *hear* His Pray'r;
In *Trouble*, I'll be *nigh:*
*Free Him*, advance, and raiſe Him *Great*,
Out of *Adverſity.*
16 He ſhall be *ſatisfied* with Life,
And, when His Race is *run*,
I'll lead Him to *another* Bliſs,
And with *Salvation*, *Crown.*

## Pſalm XCII.

1 HOw *good* is it, when joyful Souls
Their *Maker's Praiſe inſpires!*
2 To ſing, when Stars firſt *dawn* at Night,
Until they *loſe* their Fires!

3 When,

3 When, from each trembling Inſtrument,
Do *various Sounds* rebound;
Which, *blended* with *each other*, meet
In One *New* Solemn *Sound*.

4 For, Lord! reflecting on thy Works,
My rapt Soul does rejoyce:
And, rais'd *above it ſelf*, Thee Praiſe
In a *triumphant* voyce.

5, 6 *How great*, Lord! are thy wondrous works!
Thy unfathom'd Thoughts, *how deep!*
The *Brutiſh* mind them not; nor *Fools*
Who, to *themſelves*, do ſleep.

7 They mark not, that *One Fate*, the *Flow'r*,
And th'*Unjuſt*, does befal:
That the *ſame Hour together* weds
Their *Glories*, and their *fall*.

8 But, O Eternal Lord! moſt High!
Thou, *ever* doſt abide:

9 Thou doſt behold thine *Enemies* fall,
And th'Unjuſt ſcattered.

10 And Thou, Lord! ſhalt exalt mine Horn
Like *that* o'th'Unicorn:
For, with *freſh* Oyl, and Balm *new ſhed*
Thou ſhalt my Head adorn.

11 And I ſhall ſee *All* my deſire
Upon mine Enemy,
Behold the juſt-avenging God
His Judgment glorifie.

12, 13 The Juſt Man, planted in God's Courts,
Shall, like the Palm-Tree, ſpread:
Or Cedar, which, a *laſting* Spring
Wears on his flouriſhing Head.

14 *Age* ſhall not *waſte* their Powr's; which ſhall
To Life's *full Term* endure:
The happy fruit they yield, ſhall be
Not *wither'd*, but *mature*.

15 That *All* may know, how *Juſt*, my God
And great Defender is:
And, that in *Him*, *Truth ever* dwells,
*Never Unrighteouſneſs*.

## Pſalm XCIV.

1. 2 GReat Pow'r of *Juſtice* and *Revenge!*
From whom, *Redreſſes* come,
*Exert* thy ſelf! and, to the proud
Give their *deſerved* Doom.

3 *How long* ſhall the *Succeſsful*, riſe
*Great*, from the *wrongs* of *Peace?*
*How far* ſhall their *prevailing* Arm
*Extend* their Ravages?

4 *How long* ſhall they *give Laws* to th'World
Founded in *Pow'r alone?*
Shall boaſt *Themſelves?* and *Glories*, call,
What *Cruelties* have done?

5 They give, to their Inhumane Rage
Th' *expoſed labouring* Poor:
Break him in *pieces*; and thine *Own*
*Inheritance*, devour.

6 *No pity*, they, the *widow*, ſlay,
Murther the *Fatherleſs*:
Diſtinguiſh *None*; and make *again*
The *Stranger*, *harbourleſs*.

7 Talk

7 Talk not, (ſay They) of *Jacob's God!*
*How* can He, *hear*, or *ſee?*
*My Sword*, and my *Succeſsful Arm*
Are *Gods alone to Me.*

8. 9 O *more* than Fools! O *more* than Brutes!
*When* will ye yet be wiſe?
Who *made* the Ear, ſhall not *He* hear?
Not *ſee*, who *made* the Eyes?
10 *He*, who by *ſignal Judgments* taught
The *Heathen* to *adore*,
*Confeß* a God, at *once* to own
The *Judgment*, and the *Pow'r.*

11 Shall not *He puniſh*, and *reward?*
He knows thy *Thoughts*, O Man!
Knows thy *whole Heart*, knows *All of Thee*,
Is *altogether* vain.
12 Bleſſed 's the Man, who, *to fear Thee*
By *Chaſtiſement*, is brought:
And, of the *Ends* of *Good*, and *Ill*,
Out of *Thy Law*, is taught.

13 For He'll not *murmur*, or *deſpair*,
But *patiently* attend
Till vengeance has, the Guilty, led
To his *prepared* End.
14. 15 For God *will not* forſake th' *Upright*,
Nor *leave Him* in Diſtreſs
Till Judgment vindicate *his Cauſe*,
And Gods *own Righteouſneß.*
16. 17 For *who*, againſt the *Powerful Great*
Can thy weak Servant aid,
*But Thou?* on whom, my *helpleſs* Soul
*All* its Defence, has laid.

18. 19 And when my foot had almoſt *ſlipt*,
And *dark* Thoughts fil'd my Mind,
I, on Thy *Juſtice*, and thy *Love*
Reflecting, *Comfort find.*

20 For *who* dares think, that th' *impious Throne*
Rais'd on *Iniquity*,
*Who*, by a *Law*, *miſchiefs enact*,
Has *fellowſhip with Thee?*
21 They thirſt for *Bloud*; the *Innocent's* Bloud,
And, in *Conſults*, debate
And *paſs* his Doom; making the Guilt
*Joynt*, and *deliberate.*

22. 23 But *God* is my Defence, *alone*;
*He*, is my *Rock*, and He
Shall cut them off; and on Them, bring
Their *own Iniquity.*

## Pſalm XCV.

1 O Come! Let's ſing unto the Lord,
And All, *together*, *joyn*,
With *Heart*, and *Voice*, to Praiſe the Rock
Of Our Salvation!
2. 3 Let us, to Him, in Pſalms, and Hymns
Our glad Thankſgivings bring:
Who, 'bove All *Other Gods*, is *God*,
And 'bove *All Kings*, is *King.*

4 His Hands, *Earth's Pillars*, do ſuſtain,
Hid *low* within the *Deep*:
And He, the threatning Mountains Heads,
*Firm*, and *immov'd*, does keep.

He

He made the *Sea*, and, ſunk i'th' Flouds,
He *rais'd up* the *Dry Land*;
Bad the proud waves *retire*; and they
Obey'd the great Command.

6.7 O come, Let's *kneel! fall down! adore*
Our God! for *His*, we are:
*We* are the *Flock*, He *made*, and *feeds*;
*We*, our great *Shepherds Care*.
8. 9. 10 O hear your Shepherd's voyce! Hear, *now*;
*Now*, while 'tis call'd *to Day*:
Not murm'ring, as your Fathers did,
Who would not know *my way*.

But did provoke Me *forty years*,
Tir'd My *Long-ſuffering*,
And, on their ſtubborn, guilty Heads
Did my juſt Vengeance bring.
11 For, in my wrath, I ſware, They ſhould
Not enter in my Reſt:
Should not enjoy the *Promis'd Land*,
Nor be with *Canaan* Bleſs'd.

## Psalm XCVI.

1. 2 SIng unto God! Sing *All the Earth!*
Tell what our God has done!
Let ev'ry day the *wonder* tell
O'th' *Worlds Salvation*.
3 Tell All the *Heathen!* Tell *Mankind!*
The Mercies He hath wrought;
That Strangers to His Name, may bow;
And, to our God, be brought.

4. 5 *Whom*

4. 5 *Whom elſe* can they adore? *What God*
Is to be fear'd, as *He?*
*Who's* great, like *Him? which*, among All
The Gods of vanity?
6 *He* made the *Heavens*; before Him, wait
*Honour*, and *Majeſty*,
*All Pow'r* is *His*; All *Beauty* fills
His Glorious *Sanctu'ry*.

7. 8 O *then*, ye Kindreds of the Earth,
To *Him*, all *Praiſes* bring!
*Enter his Courts*, and add *your ſelves*
Unto your *Offering!*
9 Worſhip, and fear Him, *All the Earth!*
Worſhip in *Holineſs!*
With whoſe fair Beauties crown'd, within
His *Holy Place*, Him bleſs.

10 Hear, O ye Heathen! *God* does reign,
Who judges *righteouſly*:
Who *made* the *world*; and its vaſt frame
Has *fix'd* immoveably.
11. 12 *Ye Heavens* rejoyce! *Thou Earth*, rejoyce!
*Sea*, and *All Thine*, rejoyce!
Conſpire *ye Fields*, and *waving Trees*
With your ſoft *murm'ring* voyce.

13 For *God* does come; He comes, to judg
The World in Righteouſneſs:
Reſtore fair Truth to her *loſt Seat*,
And *All of wrong*, redreſs.

Pſalm

# Psalm XCVII.

1 THe *Mighty God*, vested with *Pow'r*,
With *Strength*, and *Glory*, Reigns;
Let *every Spot* of Earth rejoyce,
And *All*, the *whole* contains.
2 *Darkness*, and *Clouds*, about his Throne
A *glorious horrour*, spread:
His Throne, which He, by *Justice*, has
And *Right*, established.

3.4 A wasting Fire that leads the way
Consumes his Enemies:
Earth, *trembling*, his quick Lightning, saw,
Whilst *It self*, *trembling*, *flyes*.
5.6 Mountains, and Hills, before their God
Like *wax*, ran *melting down*:
His Righteousness, the *Heavens* attest,
His Glory, *Every One*.

7 Vain Idols, vain Idolaters
Shall perish *utterly*:
The Idol, and Idolater
Shall *Both*, fall down to *Thee*.
8.9 *Sion*, *thy Judgments* heard, O Lord!
Upon *those Gods*, sent down:
Heard, and rejoyc'd; and 'bove *All Gods*
Sung *Thine* exalted Throne.

10 O ye who *love* the *Lord*, *hate Ill!*
For *holy Souls* are *his*;
*All such* He *keeps*; and will secure
Them from their Enemies.

11 *Immor-*

11 *Immortal Joys* and *Glories* are
Prepar'd for the *Upright*;
Which *here* are *sown*, and which, They shall
*Reap* in the *Fields of Light*.

12. O then *Rejoyce* ye Righteous!
Joy *ever* in the Lord:
*Him Praise*; and the Memorials of
His Holiness, *record*.

See Ps. 100. in ye former paraphrase to be sung to ye proper tune.

## Psalm XCVIII.

1 SIng a *New Song* to God! for God
*New Miracles*, has wrought:
Sing the *great Triumph*, which his *Own*
*Victorious Arm* has wrought.

2. 3 His *promis'd* Mercy, and His Truth,
Our God hath *now* made known:
And, unto *All the World*, reveal'd
The *World's Salvation*.

4. 5. 6 O then, with *ev'ry voyce* of Praise
His glorious *Triumph*, *sing*!
Let *All the Earth* in *One Praise*, joyn'd,
Rejoyce before *its King*.
Let *Seas*, and all their *Multitudes*,
A *Sense* of *Joy* express:
The *World*, and *All* that dwell therein;
The *World's Redeemer*, Bless.

8 Let Flouds *together*, *clap their Hands*!
The *Hills*, with *Hills*, accord:
And, as inspir'd with *Souls* of *Praise*,
*Rejoyce* before the Lord.

9 For He is *come* to *judg* the *Earth*,
To *set* th' *Oppreſſed*, *free*:
With *Righteouſneſs*, to judge the *World*,
Mankind, with equity.

See Ps. 100 in ye former translation to be sung to ye proper tune.

## Psalm CI.

1 FOuntain of *Judgment*, and of *Love*!
Thoſe glorious Acts, I'll ſing:
And give *their Honours* unto *Thee*,
Becauſe *from Thee*, They *ſpring*.
2 O faſhion Thou my Heart by *Theſe*!
And, when I do receive
My Pow'r from Thee, by *their* great Rule,
I'll *puniſh*, and *relieve*.

3 *All unjuſt Acts* be *far* from me!
*All Infidelity*.
*No ſuch* unworthy *ſervile* ſtains
Shall e'r diſhonour *Me*.
4 All *ſpecious frauds*, All *fair Deceits*,
And *crooked Policies*,
Shall be abandoned by Me,
And *All* who *favour* Theſe.

5. 6 The *flattering Slanderer*, who wounds
His Neighbour, *privily*,
I'll cruſh; and the *diſdainful Great*,
Who, *'bove Himſelf* is high.
The *Juſt*, the *Faithful*, and *Upright*,
Shall *only* dwell with Me:
And, in *my Court*, the *Pious Man*
Shall *ſerve*, who *firſt* ſerves *Thee*.

7 The *guileful Breaſt*, and *double Heart*
Of the *maſqu'd Hypocrite*;
And the *low wretch*, who *Lies*, dares tell,
I'll *baniſh* from my *ſight*.
8 The *Sinner*, from the Land, I'll *root*,
And *Sion's* Holy Hill;
For, in the Place, where *God reſides*,
The *Sinner muſt not dwell*.

## Pſalm CII.

1. 2 HEar Lord! my Prayer; Hear my Cry!
Behold my Miſery!
Hide not thy Face! encline thine Ear,
And hear me *ſpeedily*.
3 A *raging Heat*, *melts down* my *ſtrength*,
And my Bones, *parching*, *dryes*:
Like *Smoak*, my fleeting time *flyes off*,
And to *Nought*, *vaniſhes*.

4 My *Heart*, with *Pain*, and *Grief*, oppreſs'd,
Like *Graſs*, is *withered*:
I'm *hopeleſs* to repair my *ſtrength*,
Since I *forget* my *Bread*.
5 My *Fleſh* is *waſted*, only *skin*
Cloaths my *appearing* Bones;
Whoſe *ſtrength* is *gone*, enfeebled by
*Grief*, and the *voyce* of *Groans*.

6. 7 Not *more* the *Pelican* laments
And to th' *deaf Wood tells* her Moan,
Nor *ſolitary* Bird of *Night*,
Nor Sparrow, *left alone*,

Than

Than *I*; who moan, and watch, *as They*
Who moan and watch *alone*.
8 Whilſt my inſulting Foes, 'gainſt Me
Do in *ſworn Compacts*, joyn.

9 *Aſhes* have been my *Bread*; and with
My *Drink*, I've mingled *Tears*:
10 Becauſe thy wrath, has, into *woes*
Turn'd my *once happy* years.
11 As the *ſwift ſhadow*, now declining,
*So* do decline *my Days*:
*Drooping* like the *languiſhing* Flow'r;
Or like the *withering* Graſs.

12 But *Thou*, O Thou Eternal Lord!
Doſt *evermore*, endure:
And, to *all times*, thy *promis'd* Truth
And thy *Memorial's ſure*.
13 Riſe *then* O Lord! for the *ſet Time*,
For *Sion's* Mercies *come*:
O let it *now* Thy *Mercy* find,
As it *has found* Thy *Doom*.

14 For we, thy deſolated Flock,
'Twixt *Joy*, and *Sorrows* held,
*Mourn*, and *rejoyce* o'r *Sion's* Duſt,
Whoſe Ruins Thou wilt build.
15 *O raiſe it!* that the Heathen, may
The God of *Sion fear*:
16 When, in rebuilding it again,
*Thy Glory* ſhall appear.

17 When He, the *low*, *deplor'd* Eſtate
Of the poor *Deſtitute*

From *Heav'n regards*; and the *Moſt High*
*Yields* to the *humble ſuit*.
18 This Story ſhall be regiſtred
For Them of *after-days*:
And, *Sion's Reſtauration*
Shall be a *future Praiſe*.

19. 20 They ſhall recount, how, the Moſt High,
From his Exalted Throne,
*Beheld* thoſe in the *Dungeon*, *lay*,
And *heard* the *Priſoners Groan*:
That He might *looſe* the Bonds of thoſe
Who were *chain'd up for Death*;
21 Who, freed, in *Zion*, might Him bleſs
With their *Redeemed Breath*.

22 That *All the World* to Him, may bow,
And, with the *Ranſom'd*, *ſing*:
When, in *One Praiſe*, *All fleſh* ſhall joyn,
The *Captive*, and the *King*.
23 When my ſwift Race was but *half run*
He *check'd* the *earneſt* way;
And threatned, that He would cut off
My *Evening* from its *Day*.

24 Then, *humbly*, I beſought my God,
Great, and Immortal Pow'r!
O do not *more* contract my Span!
My *Momentary hour*.
*Thy Years*, *beyond* the Bounds of Time
Stand fix'd *immoveably*:
Fix'd, in the boundleſs, *infinite* Space
Of Thine Eternity.

25. 26

25. 26 *Of Old* Thou didſt eſtabliſh th'Earth,
And round it, th'Heav'ns extend;
With their bright circling *Glories*, crown'd,
Glories, that muſt *take end*.
They, as a *Garment*, ſhall *wax Old*,
And, as *that*, *changed be*.
When *Thoſe*, ſhall *ſhine* with *brighter* Fires,
*Theſe*, drown'd in *ſhadows*, dye.

27 But *Thou*, who of *All-Beings*, art
The *Mover*, and the *Stay*:
Art *ſtill* the *ſame*! *No Time begins*,
Nor *Ends* th' *Eternal Day*.
28 Thou wilt, Our *Seed*, eſtabliſh, and
Bleſſings to Them diſpence:
For, As Thy *years* extend to *Them*,
So will Thy *Providence*.

## Pſalm CIII.

1. 2. 3 PRaiſe Thou the Lord, O Thou *my Soul*!
And *All within me*, bleſs
His Name! who, *All thy Sins* forgives,
And heals *ev'ry Diſeaſe*.
4 Who, when to th'Region of the Grave
Thou wert deſcending down,
Held thy *departing Soul* in *Life*;
And did, with *Mercies crown*.

5 Who, Thee, with *good Things*, ſatisfies;
Does, thy *paſt years*, retrive:
And, as to th' Eagles *renew'd* Age,
*Another Youth*, does give.

6 Who, from his righteous Throne above
Beholds th'*Oppreſſed's ſtate*;
Does his *Own Honour*, and *their wrongs*
By *Juſtice*, vindicate.

7. 8 *Moſes*, his ways, and *Iſrael* knew;
They knew him, *Gracious*,
*Long-ſuffering*, *ſlow to Anger*, and
In *Mercy*, *Plenteous*:
9 *Know*, though *Himſelf* Eternal be,
His *Anger* had a *Date*;
He does not *treaſure* up a *wrath*,
Nor keep an *endleſs* Hate.

10 He *puniſhes* for Sin; but He
In *Mercy*, puniſhes:
His *Recompences* are not *So*
*As our Iniquities*.
11 For, As the ſpace is *vaſt*, and *high*
From *Earth*, to *Heav'n* Above;
*So high*, to All thoſe who *fear Him*
Is his *extended* Love.

12 And *far*, as are from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
The *diſtant Bounds of Day*:
*So far*, from *us*, his Mercy hath
*Remov'd* our *Sins away*.
13 For God, to *Thoſe who fear Him*, is
Compaſſionate, and mild:
*Pities* their frailties, pities, as
A *Father* does his *Child*.

14. 15. 16 For He, *Our Father*, knows, that He
Of the *Duſt*, *Man* has made:

Who,

Who, like the *Flow'r o'th' Field*, does *ſpring*,
And, like *that Flow'r*, does *fade*.
For *Both*, *One Morn* of Beauty, have;
*Both* have *one blooming* Hour;
*One Killing Air* paſſing o'r *each*,
Blaſts both the *Man*, and *Flow'r*.

And *where* is *Now* the Pride o'th' *Man?*
*Where* is the Pride o'th' *Flow'r?*
*Both* faln to *duſt*, not their *Own Place*
Shall know Them *any more*.
17 But, the Compaſſions of the *Lord*
For *ever*, do endure;
*From*, and *to* all Eternity,
His endleſs Mercy's *ſure*.

18 To *Thoſe* who *fear Him*, ſure; to *Thoſe*
Who *keep* his *Covenant*:
And unto *Theirs*, *whilſt* they do keep
The *Compacts* of the *Grant*.
19 High, *'bove the Heaven's*, high *over All*,
God has prepar'd *his Throne*:
O'r *All the Kingdoms* of the World
Is *his Dominion*.

20 Ye Powerful *Miniſters of Light*
*Bleſs'd Angels!* who attend
On the Commands of the Moſt High,
Praiſe Him without all End.
21 Praiſe Him O All ye *Heavenly Hoſts*,
Prepar'd to do His will!
Servants of His; who at *all times*
His pleaſure, do fulfill:
22 And Praiſe Him *All ye works of His*
Through his Dominion!

O *thou my Soul!* to Praiſe thy God,
With Earth, and *all Heav'n*, joyn.

## Pſalm CIV.

1. 2 PRaiſe thou the Lord, my Soul! Great God
*How* Great, *how* Glorious
Art Thou! whom, Glories veſt; whom, Light
*Adorns*, and *hides* from us;
Whoſe awful Throne, ſurrounds, and guards
*Honour*, and *Majeſty:*
With Orbs of Light, who decks the Heaven's
Extended Canopy.

3 Who, the vaſt Pillars of the Heav'ns
Has founded on the *Flouds:*
Whoſe *Chariot*, born upon the Wings
O'th' Wind, are the *dark Clouds:*
4 *Spirits*, and *Flames*, whoſe *Angels* are,
*Potent*, and *expedite:*
In doing of His Will, who are
Swifter than *Winds*, or *Light.*

5 Who, firmly, has eſtabliſhed
The Earth's Foundation,
That it can *ne'r remove*, nor change
Its *Situation.*
6. 7 In the *Beginning*, its Face, was
With *Waters, covered*;
Thou ſpak'ſt—Th'affrighted Waves *ſunk down*,
And Earth *rais'd* its *drown'd Head.*

8 The Seas, enrag'd lift up their Waves,
Which, ſuddenly, ſink down:

They,

They, *Mountains* raiſe; and falling, make
Deep *Valleys* of *their Own*.
9 But They, in *vain*, do *ſwell*, and *rage*,
For They ſhall *now*, no *more*
Return; Thou giv'ſt the Ocean, *Bounds*,
And its proud Waves, a *Shore*.

10. 11 The Springs, which from the Hills deſcend,
Plant Verdures as They go:
Enrich, and Beautifie the Vales;
And, for the *thirſty*, flow.
12 By their clear, cool, refreſhing Streams
Birds have their Dwellings made:
Who ſing, i'th' Trees fair Branches, lodg'd,
Their *Plenty*, and their *Shade*.

13 The *Hills*, which, Springs to *Others*, lend,
But to *Themſelves*, are *dry*,
He waters from *Above*; His ſtores
*All th' Earth* do ſatisfie.
14. 15 *Earth*, for the *Cattel*, brings forth *Graſs*;
For *Man*, a *Table's* ſpread:
Spread for his *Pleaſure*, as his *Want*,
With *Wine*, and *Oyl*, and *Bread*.

16. 17 Thy Trees do plenteous juices yield;
To whoſe *ſafe Heights*, Birds fly
And dwell *ſecure*; as only *rais'd*
For the *weak's Refuge*, *High*.
18 Such Refuge, to the Goats, do yield
The ſteep Hills Precipice:
And, to the Caverns of the Rocks,
The *Chac'd*, and *Fearful* flyes.

19 The Moon her *ſtated* Seaſons knows
Her *fix'd* Varieties:

And

And the Sun knows his *going down*,
And knows *when* He muſt *riſe*.
20 His *Abſence* from the Earth, is *Night*;
*When*, from their Dens, ariſe
The *Beaſts of Prey*; and fill the Woods
With *Cryes*, and *Ravages*.

21, 22 Ev'n *Theſe* ſeek *Thee*, for *food*; and when
The Sun does *chace* the *Night*,
They *All* betake Them to their *Dens*
For *Rapine* hates the *Light*?
23 Man, in the *Morn*, goes forth to *work*,
At th'*Evening*, is *relcas'd*:
The *Morning*, and the *Night divide*
Our *Labour*, and our *Reſt*.

24 How *wonderful* are All the works
Thy Wiſdom does afford!
*All Earth* is with the *Bounties*, fill'd,
And *Goodneſs* of its Lord.
25 And not the *Earth alone*; the *Seas*
*Share* thine *extended* Love:
Where various Creatures, *ſmall*, and *vaſt*,
Innumerable move.

26 The Ships there ſail, upon the Face
O'th' floating Region:
Which, by *exchanging Bleſſings*, make
*All Lands* to be *as One*.
*There* ſports *Leviathan*; who does
Nor *Waves*, nor *Tempeſts*, fear:
Secure of *all its Horrors*, He
Takes his *bold Paſtime* there.

27, 28 Thy Creatures, Lord! wait *All* on *Thee*;
Wait for their *needful Food*:

What

What Thou doſt *give*, They *take*; and by
Thy Hand, are *fill'd with Good.*
29 They dye, or live *from Thee*; If Thou
*Withdraw*, and veil Thy Face,
They *languiſh*; If Thou ſeize their Breath,
They, to their *Duſt*, muſt paſs.

30 If Thou *ſend forth* thy quickning Spirit
They, from *their Nothing*, riſe:
Or, Out of *Duſt* and *Aſhes* wake,
And lend Earth *New ſupplies.*
31 The Majeſty of God, endures
To All *Eternity*;
*Joys* in his Works; wherein, *All Good*
And *All Perfections* be.

32 Earth, *trembling*, does behold its God,
Who, if He *touch*, or *look*
Upon it, He, an *Earthquake* makes;
Makes *flaming* Mountains ſmoak.
33. 34 Whilſt I have Breath, I'll Praiſe my God;
How ſweet thoſe Tranſports be,
When I, my God, make *all* my *Joy*;
*All* my *Felicity.*

35 Periſh the ſinful, impious Man
From off the Earth! whilſt I
Live ever, Praiſing God; O Thou
My Soul! Praiſe the Moſt High.

## Psalm CVII.

1 O Let the *Goodneſs* of the Lord
Excite to Bleſs His Name!
Becauſe His Mercies *never* fail,
But They are *ſtill* the *Same*.
2 Let *Thoſe*, who have His Mercies *try'd*,
The Lord's *Redeem'd*, Him *Bleſs*:
*Bleſs Him*, whoſe Mercies have *releas'd*
Them from their *Enemies*.

3 *Bleſs Him*, who from *all Coaſts* of th'Earth
Where they were *ſcattered*,
The *Exiles* has *recall'd*; and to
An *Home*, has gathered.
4 They wandred in the Wilderneſs,
Where was nor *End*, nor *Way*:
*No City* nigh; *No Path*, but what
Led, to *go on*, and *ſtray*.

5 Depriv'd of *all Supports* of Life
By *Thirſt*, and *Hunger*, preſt,
They faint; with *endleſs Travail*, ſpent,
And the *Deſpair* of *Reſt*.
6. 7 Fainting, They *cry'd* unto the *Lord*,
And the Lord *heard* their *Cry*:
And led them, where, *repos'd*, they found
A *plentiful ſupply*.

8 O that the *Goodneſs* of his God,
His Wonders, for *Man* done,
*Man* would record! and bleſs Him for
*Every* Salvation.
9 For He, the *longing*, *fainting* Soul
With *Goodneſs*, ſatisfies:

And,

And, to the Soul, with *Hunger* pin'd,
He powr's out *full ſupplies.*

10 Thoſe, who in Miſery and Iron
Faſt bound, i'th' Dungeon lay,
Nigh *Death's* dark ſhade, bereft of All
The Joys of *Life*, and *Day.*
11 Becauſe the *proſp'rous Wretches* did
'Gainſt the Moſt High, *rebel*;
*Contemn'd* his Ways, and *ſlighted* the
Great *Counſels* of his *Will*:
12 He *brake* their *Pride*, and they fell down,
Down without *hope* to Riſe:
For there was *none to help*, none *nigh*
But to *add Miſeries.*
13 When *thus* brought down, and made to know
There was *no Help* but *God*;
The *Rebel bow'd*; his ſtubborn Heart
Was humbled by the *Rod.*

His *loaded Arms*, his *loaded Soul*
He raiſes up to *Heav'n*;
Whence, by *Him*, who *alone* can *help*,
*Help*, and *Redemption's* giv'n.
14 He *brake* their Bonds; releas'd them from
*Captivity*, and *Night.*
Brought them from out the ſhade of Death,
And *freed* them into *Light.*

15 O that the *Goodneſs* of the Lord
His Wonders for *Man* done,
*Man* would record! and bleſs him for
*Every* Salvation!

16 For

16 For He hath ſmit, and riv'd in ſunder
The *Bars*, and *Iron Grates*:
Broke up the *guarded* Priſon Doors,
And forc'd the *brazen Gates*.

17. 18 The ſinful Fool, for *Sin*, upon
His Bed of *Sickneſs* thrown,
Haſtning, for *want* of his loath'd *Food*,
To Death's cold Region:
19. 20 Heav'd up his *fading Eyes* to *Heav'n*
And *wept* unto the *Lord*:
He *heard*, and *pitied*; and ſent down
His Pow'rful *healing* Word.

21 O, that the *Goodneſs* of the Lord
His Wonders for *Man* done:
*Man* would record! and bleſs Him for
*Every* Salvation!
22 That they would Sacrifice to Him
The Sacrifice of *Praiſe*:
And, in the Honour of His Works,
Their grateful voices raiſe.

23. 24 They, who deſcend into the Deep,
His fearful Wonders ſee:
25 For, at His *Word*, *Mountains* of Waves
To the Clouds, raiſed be:
26 Upon whoſe *dreadful Ridge*, the Ship
Its *rowling* keel, ſuſpends:
Then *down amain* into a Gulph
*Precipitantly* ſends.

With horror of a *preſent* Grave,
Their Soul does *melt* away:
27 They *reel* as *Drunkards*, 'reft o'th' *Help*
As *They* of *Reaſon's* ſtay.

28 And

28 And *now* unto their *God*, they cry,
And *He*, their *Crying*, *hears*:
From the dread *Perils* *rescues* them,
And their *despairing Fears*.

29 He *checks* the Winds, and *down* they fall,
And their wild furies *sleep*:
And in a *smooth Calm*, levels All
The *Mountains* of the *Deep*.
30 With *softer* Gales, then wafted on
The Bosom of the Main,
They steer their Course with *Joy*, and their
*Desired* Port attain.

31 O that the *Goodness* of the Lord!
His Wonders for *Man* done:
*Man* would record! and bless him for
*Every* Salvation.
32 That they would *Publickly* declare
The Wonders He has done,
Before the *Elders*; and i'th' *midst*
O'th' Congregation.

33 He makes the Place with *Springs* erst *flowing*
A *thirsty Wilderness*:
34 And, o'r a *fruitful Land*, for *Sin*,
Throws *Dearth* and *Barrenness*.
35 And *He*, a *thirsty Wilderness*,
With swelling *Springs* o'r *flows*,
36. 37 Which, for an Heritage, upon
The *Hungry*, He bestows.

Who there, *build*, *sow*, and *Vineyard Plant*,
And reap a *full* Encrease;
38 For He, *Themselves*, their *Fruits*, and *Herds*,
Does *multiplying*, bless.

39 Yea,

39 Yea, when oppreſs'd, th'are nigh conſum'd,
Brought low by *Miſery:*
40 He pour's *Contempt* upon the *Great,*
And *breaks* the *Tyranny.*

41 Sets the Afflicted *ſafe,* and *high*
*Above* their Miſeries:
And, as His *Own Flock,* does encreaſe
And guard their *Families.*
42 Be th' Impious then *amaz'd,* and *dumb,*
And *all* Iniquity!
Whilſt the Upright *rejoyce;* who, *for*
*Themſelves,* theſe Merciesſee.

43 Who ſo reflects on theſe *great things,*
That Man is *truly* wiſe:
And he, the *Goodneſs* of the Lord
Will *underſtand* and *prize.*

## Pſalm CX.

1 TH'Almighty Lord ſaid to *my Lord,*
Sit Thou at My Right Hand,
Till I, Thy Foes, Thy *Foot-ſtool* make,
Subdu'd to thy Command.
2 From *Sion,* ſhall thy Rule extend
O'r *all* thine Enemies:
3 Thy *Worſhip, Holineſs* ſhall be
And *Hearts,* thy *Sacrifice.*

As are the *Gems* o'th' *Morning's Dew,*
The *Birth* of *Heav'n,* and *Earth:*
So *Infinite,* ſo *Bright,* ſo *Chaſte,*
The *Morn* is of *Thy Birth.*

4 Thee,

4 Thee, an Eternal Prieſthood Crowns,
Thee, the great World's *High-Prieſt*:
*As*, but *above Melchiſedeck*,
*For ever King*, and *Chriſt*.

5 When God, in Judgment ſhall appear,
Standing at Thy Right Hand,
He ſhall in wrath, ſtrike thorough *Kings*,
And give *Thee*, *their* Command.
6 He ſhall, the Conquer'd Places fill
With Bodies of the Dead:
The Heathen judge; and, in each place,
Shall wound the guilty Head.

7 He, the *low*, *troubled* Brook i'th way,
Thirſting, ſhall not *deſpiſe*:
And, from His *great Humility*
And *Sufferings*, *Great* ſhall riſe.

## Pſalm CXI.

1 IN *All* th' Aſſemblies of the Juſt,
The *Greater*, and the *Leſs*:
The *Private Few*, or *Publick Throng*,
*Thee*, O my God! *I'll bleſs*.
2 *Great* are thy Works, O Mighty Lord!
*Great*, *High*, and *Glorious*:
Sought out by *All* who take delight
To Honour *Thee* in *Thoſe*.

3 *All* the Lords Works are *Glorious*,
And full of Honour, *All*:

And, His *firm* Righteouſneſs endures
*High*, and *Perpetual*.
4 Thy *ſignal* Acts are done, *So*, as
To be *remembred*, done:
O *Ever*-Gracious Lord! O, *full*
Of *All* Compaſſion.

5 He, Meat, unto the *Hungry* gives,
The Hungry who *fear Him:*
For He, His *Cov'nant* ne'r forgets
Which *He* has made to *Them.*
6 God, to His People, hath made known
The Pow'r of His Hand:
When He, to them diſtributed
The vanquiſh'd Heathens Land.

7 *Judgment* and *Truth* are His *Great Works*,
*All* His Commands are *ſure:*
8 And, done in *Truth* and *Equity*,
Shall *evermore* endure.
9 He ſent *Redemption* unto His,
His Cov'nants *without End:*
O *ever* Holy, Holy Lord!
O *ever*, Reverend!

10 The *firſt* ſtep to *true Wiſdom*, is
The *Fear* of the *Moſt High:*
All they, *true underſtanding*, have
Who *frame* their *Lives thereby.*
*No* Time, *No* flight of Ages, ſhall
*E'r* blaſt their Memory:
Their wreaths of Glories planted *thus*,
Flouriſh *Eternally.*

# Psalm CXII.

1 BLeſſed is the Man who *fears* the Lord,
And who, *led* by that fear,
*Delights* to keep the *great Commands*
O'th'God he does revere.
2 God, to the Seed of the *Upright*
His favours will extend:
And, on them, with their Parents *State*,
*His Bleſſings*, will deſcend.

3 His Houſe with Riches does abound;
His Stores with Plenteouſneſs:
But, for his *everlaſting ſtore*,
*He lays up Righteouſneß.*
4. 5 To him, 'midſt *Anguiſhes*, *Deſpairs*,
And *dark Afflictions* here,
A *ſuddain*, a *ſurprizing* Beam
Of *Comfort* will *appear.*

A Good Man's *juſt*, and *gracious*,
*Full* of Compaſſion:
Is Rich *for Others*; lends, and guides
All with Diſcretion.
6. Firm, and immov'd in *ev'ry* State
The Righteous Man abides:
*No Time wears out* his Memory;
Nor dark Oblivion *hides.*

7 *He*, the great Changes of the World
*Firm*, and *undaunted*, hears:
For, having put his Truſt in *God*,
*His Hopes*, ſurmount his *Fears.*

8 *His* great Soul's *firmly* eſtabliſhed,
And *waits*, until he ſees
The *Juſtice* of his God reveal'd
Againſt his Enemies.

9. 10 *He* hath *diſpers'd* his Goods to th'Poor,
Which, *as ſown*, yield *Encreaſe*:
Bear an *Immortal Fruit*, ſprung from
*Immortal Righteouſneſs*.
*His* Pow'r with *Honour* ſhall be Crown'd,
And high exalted be:
Whilſt his Foes *pine*, and *melt*, and *dye*,
And *periſh utterly*.

## Pſalm CXIII.

1. 2. 3 *Joyn*, O ye Servants of the Lord!
And in his Honour raiſe
*Beyond* the Bounds of *Time* and *Place*
The *wide Extents* of Praiſe.
From *this Time*, and for *evermore*,
Praiſe ye his glorious Name:
From the bright Sun's firſt-*riſing Fires*,
To his *departing Flame*.

4 High, *ruling All*; High, *'bove the Heavens*,
5 Who, as *the Lord*, is *high?*
6 And yet, *thus high*, th' Affairs of Earth,
And Heav'n, *deſcends* to ſee.
7. 8 He takes th'*Obſcure*, the *nameleſs* wretch
And ſets him up on *high*:
Sets *Him* with *Princes*, *who* was ſunk
I'th'*loweſt* Poverty.

9 He,

9 He, *Her*, who being Childleſs, was
Reproach'd for *Barrenneſs*,
A *joyful Mother* makes; and does
With a *glad Iſſue*, bleſs.

## Pſalm CXIV.

1 WHen God, his captiv'd *Iſrael*,
Freed from th'*Egyptian* Chain,
Made them *unlearn* th'Oppreſſors *Tongue*,
And ſpeak *their own* again;
2 *Judah* was then the Sanctu'ry
Of the Moſt Holy One;
And *Iſrael* the redeemed Lot
Of his Dominion.

3 The Sea *beheld* his Miracles,
Saw them, and *ſeeing*, *fled*:
And *Jordan* ſaw them too, and ran
Frighted into his *Head*.
4 The Mountains with *amazement* ſtrook,
Like Rams, danc'd up and down:
Like Lambs, the leſſer Hills were ſhook
By Earthquakes of their *Own*.

5. 6 What ail'd Thee, *Jordan!* thou *ran'ſt back?*
Proud Sea! why didſt *Thou fly?*
Mountains! *why skip'd ye* like *Rams?* Ye Hills
What did *you* terrifie?
7. 8 O Earth! fear Thou, and Tremble at
The Preſence of thy God!
Why, from the *Flint*, does *Fountains* pour,
And from the *Rocks*, a *Flood*.

# Psalm CXV.

1 NOt unto *Us*, be Honour, Lord!
Not unto *Us*, be Praiſe!
But to thy *Mercy*, and thy *Truth*,
We, the juſt Trophies raiſe.
2 *Why* ſhould the faithleſs Heathen ſay,
And ſcoffing, ask abroad,
*Where* was their *mighty* Helper, *now?*
*Where*, was their *abſent God?*

3 Our *God*, in *Heav'n* is, wretched Souls!
From whom, deſcend *All Powr's*;
What e'r He wills, is done in *Earth*
And *Heav'n*; But *where is yours?*
*Your Gods* are *Gold*, and *Silver*; made
By a poor *Mortals* hand:
5. 6. 7 Who *ſpeak not*, *ſee*, *hear*, *ſmell*, *touch*, *move*,
And *leſs*, who *underſtand.*

8 *Senſeleſs* as *They*, are *They* who *made*,
Or *Who*, on Them *rely*:
9. 10 But *Iſrael's*, and *Aaron's* houſe,
*Truſt ye*, in the *Moſt High.*
11. 12 Let *All* who *fear* the Lord, *truſt Him*,
He, *alone*, help can yield;
Of *Iſrael*, *Aaron*, and of All
Who *fear Him*, He's the *Shield.*

13. 14, 15 The Lord, who made the Heaven's, bleſs,
And your Poſterity: [you,
Increaſe you more and more; who are
The Bleſs'd of the Moſt High.
16 The Lord who *made* the Heav'n, and Earth,
*His* are, the Earth, and Heav'n:

*He*,

*He*, for his Seat, the *Heavens* has choſe,
And *Earth*, to *Man* has giv'n.

17 The *Dead*, do not Thee Praiſe, O Lord!
Nor, who in *ſilence*, lye:
But *we*, the *Living*, will Praiſe Thee
*Here*, and *Eternally*.

## Pſalm CXVI.

1. 2 I *Love Thee*, Lord! *for* Thou didſt *hear*
My Pray'r, and didſt *relieve*:
*Therefore*, My God! I'll call on Thee,
As long as I ſhall live.
3. 4 Sorrow, and Pain gat hold on Me,
I lay in th'Arms of Death:
Then cry'd I to my God, ſtay Lord!
O ſtay m'expiring Breath.

5. 6 And, O the *Goodneſs* of our God!
His bent inclining Ear
To the Afflicted's Cry! He *heard*,
*Granting* what He did *hear*.
7 Return thou to thy *Reſt*, my Soul!
For *God* takes *Care* of Thee;
8 Thine *Eyes* from *Tears*, thy *feet* from *falling*,
Thy *Soul* from *Death*, ſets free.

9 Freed from the Grave, I'll walk before
The Lord, i'th joyful Light
O'th' Land o'th' *Living*; I will walk
As *ever* in *thy ſight*.

10. 11 I have *believ'd*, and therefore *ſaid*,
*My Help is from the Lord:*
That Mortal Man, is *falſe*, and *vain*;
*Man* can *no help* afford.

12. 13 *What* ſhall I *render* to the Lord
For *All* His Mercies done?
I'll *call on Him*, and take the *Cup*
Of his *Salvation.*
14 In *ſight of All*, I'll pay my *Vows*
*Vow'd* in *Affliction:*
That, to His *ſignal Mercies* done,
My *ſignal Thanks* be ſhown.
15 How *precious* in the ſight of God
Is the *Death* of his *Saints!*
Who, ſought to, does *reprieve* their *Breath*,
And hears their *dying* Plaints.
16 Lord! I'm thy Servant; I am made
*Thine* by *Redemption:*
For, having loos'd his *Other Bonds*
The Captive's *Thine alone.*

17 To *Thee*, My God! I'll offer up
The Sacrifice of *Praiſe:*
And, my Almighty Helper's Name,
Will invoke *All* my Days.
18 In *ſight of All*, I'll pay my *Vows*,
*Vow'd* in *Affliction:*
That, to his *ſignal Mercies* done,
My *ſignal Thanks* be ſhown.

Shown in the *Courts* of thy *Houſe*, Lord!
And in the *midſt* of Thee
O Thou *Jeruſalem!* that *All*
May Praiſe our God *with Me.*

Pſalm

## Psalm CXVII.

1 LEt *All the Sons of Men* conſpire
To Praiſe the living Lord:
*All Nations*, and *All Regions*
In *One Conſent, accord.*
2 For He, the *God* of *All*, to *All*
His *Mercies* does extend:
The Goodneſs, and the Truth of God
Continue without End.

## Psalm CXVIII.

1 O Give ye Thanks unto the Lord
Becauſe the Lord is *Good!*
Becauſe the *Mercies* of the Lord
Can have *no period.*
2. 3. 4 Let *Iſrael* ſay, and *Aaron* ſay,
*All* ſay, who *fear* their God,
That th'unknown Mercies of the Lord
Can have *no period.*

5 In my *diſtreſs*, I call'd to God,
And the Lord *anſwer'd Me*;
*Freed* my afflicted, anguiſh'd Soul,
And gave Me Liberty.
6. 7 And *now* the *Lord* is on my ſide,
What can *Man* do to Me?
*He* takes my Part, and *Theirs*, who joyn
Againſt mine Enemy.

I therefore, my Desire, shall see
Upon mine Enemy:
For I am *sure* of Victory
When I've a *God* with Me.
8 'Tis better for to trust in *God*
Than *any Son* of Man:
9 Than in a *Prince*; For God can *more*
Than the *Crown'd Mortal* can.

10. 11. 12 *All Nations* had surrounded Me,
And compass'd Me about:
But, in the *Name of God*, I charg'd
And *brake* the threat'ning Rout.
Like a *thick Swarm*, and Cloud of *Bees*,
With *Noise*, They compass'd Me:
But, like the *raging* Fire of *Thorns*,
They only *blaz'd* to *dye*.

13 *In vain*, Thou hast *assaulted* Me,
And, 'gainst Me fought *in vain*:
For *God* was my *Defence*; and *He*
*Thy Fury* did restrain.
14 *God* is my *Strength*, and *Song*; and He
Is my *Salvation*:
15. 16 Through all their Tents, the *Just* shall sing
What His Right Hand hath done.

17. 18 I shall not *dye*, but *live*; and shall
The *works* of God, *declare*:
Who *chastned*, and *corrected* Me,
But He, my *Life did spare*.
19 Let *All* the Gates of Righteousness
Be *opened* unto Me,
That entring, I may *Praise* My God,
And *his Name* magnifie.

20 *This*

20 *This* is the Gate of Righteouſneſs,
*This* is the glorious Gate:
Which, *All the Juſt*, triumphant, ſhall
With *Praiſes*, enter at.
21 God of my Praiſe! *Thee*, will I bleſs,
*Thee* will I bleſs, *alone*:
Who haſt Me *heard*, and art become
My *ſtrong Salvation*.

22. 23 Behold the *wondrous* Work of God!
The Work, *Himſelf* hath done:
The *Stone*, the Builders erſt *refus'd*,
Is *now* the *Corner-Stone*.
24 *This* is the *Day*, the *glorious Day*
When *this great work* was done:
When God, to the *Higheſt*, *Nobleſt* Uſe
Gave the *rejected* Stone.

We will, with Triumphs, celebrate
The Glories of *this Day*,
*This Day*, in which, *another Sun*
*Roſe* with a *brighter Ray*.
25 And *now* the glorious Light is *come*,
*Now* give us *Happineſs!*
Under the bleſſed *healing* wing
O'th' *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs*.

26. 27 *Hail* O Thou *Sun of Righteouſneſs!*
*Hail* O Thou *Sun of Light!*
From out the Father's Boſom, ſent
To chace away Our Night.
We, in Thy Sacred *Houſe of Praiſe*
Thine Honour'd Name will bleſs:
And to the Horns o'th' Altar, bind
The grateful Sacrifice.

28 *Thou*

28 *Thou* art my God, O Lord Moſt High!
And I will *Honour Thee:*
*Thou* art my God, O Lord Moſt High
*Thee, ſtill,* I'll *magnifie.*
29 O give ye Thanks unto the Lord!
Becauſe the Lord is *good:*
Becauſe the Mercies of the Lord
Can have *no period.*

## Pſalm CXXI.

1 SHall I, *diſtreſs'd,* flee to the *Hills?*
And *thence* Relief, expect?
2 When *God,* who made the Earth, and Heavens
His Servant *will protect:*
3.4 *He* will not *ſuffer* Thee to *fall,*
But thy Steps, *firm* will keep:
The God, who guardeth *Iſrael,*
Nor *ſlumber* does, nor *ſleep.*
5.6 The Sun, and Moon, ſhall on Thee, ſhed
Their *gentler* Influence:
For, 'gainſt their *hurtful* Rays, He'll be
Thy *Shade,* and thy *Defence.*
7.8 When Thou *go'ſt* forth, or doſt *return,*
He will, thy footſteps, *bleſs:*
Bleſs *here,* and will *hereafter* bleſs
With *endleſs Happineſs.*

## Pſalm CXXII.

1.2 NOw is the Time, when the glad Cry
Runs *through* the joyful Land,
*Our feet,* O Thou *Jeruſalem!*
*Within Thy Gates* ſhall ſtand. 3.4

3. 4 *Jeruſalem's* a City *built*,
And *bleſs'd* by *Unity*:
Where, in *One Place*, *One Time*, *One Praiſe*,
*All* Tribes in *One* agree.

5 For *there*, the Throne of *Judgment's* ſet,
And there, is *David's* Throne:
The Throne of *Juſtice*, and of *Kings*
Are *Both* of them but *One*.
6 O *Pray* for Our *Jeruſalem!*
*Pray* for *Jeruſalem's Peace*:
They who *love Thee*, ſhall *proſper*; for
*Thine*, is Thy *Peoples* Bliſs.

7. 8 Within thy happy Walls, be *Peace!*
And with it, *Plenteouſneſs*:
For my lov'd *Brethren's* ſakes, I beg
Within thy Walls, be *Peace!*
9 And, for the *Temple* of that Lord,
Who is the *Lord* of *Peace*,
May'ſt Thou with *All the Peace* be fill'd
Of His deſcending *Bliſs*.

## Pſalm CXXIII.

1 O *Thou* who dwell'ſt in the Heavens!
Our Eyes are towards *Thee*:
2 As Servants eye their *Maſters Hand*,
Who, by Them *chaſtned* be.
3. 4 So *we*, *Thy Servants*, whom, *thy Hand*
Chaſtiſes *by* the Proud,
With melting Eyes, *mourn* unto *Thee*,
Who haſt made *Them Thy Rod*.

Their

Their *ſloathful* Greatneſs with *Contempt*
On our *griev'd* Souls looks down:
Which fills Them with *another* Grief
And *Anguiſh 'bove* their *Own.*

## Pſalm CXXIV.

1. 2 IF *God Himſelf* had not *repreſs'd*
Thoſe, who againſt us roſe;
3 We had been ſwallow'd up *alive*
By our enraged Foes.
4. 5 Our Souls had *overwhelmed* been
I'th' *Deluge* of the *Proud:*
For *our weak ſtrength* could not have *ſtem'd*
The high *ſucceſsful* Floud.

6 But bleſs'd, for ever bleſs'd be *God*,
Who *ſnatch'd* our Soul away:
And, *out of* their devouring *Jaws*
*Raviſh'd* the *bleeding* Prey.
7 *So* the *loſt* Bird is *held* i'th' Snare
Till the Snare *broken* be,
But *then*, the Captive *'gains* his *wing*
As *We*, Our *Liberty.*

8 *In God*, who made the Heav'n and Earth,
Our Help is fix'd *alone:*
From *His* great Pow'r *All Judgments* come,
And *All Salvation.*

*Pſal.* 125. Sung as *Pſal.* 100. See the former Paraphraſe.

Pſalm

# Psalm CXXVI.

1 WHen God the *Miracle* had wrought
Of *Sion's Liberty:*
We thought w'had *dream't*, and only been
In ſome kind *Viſion*, *free.*
2 But, when we found it *real*, and
That *waking*, we were *free:*
*Wonder* was *Joy*; we were wrapt in
*Another* Extaſie.

The *Nations* were aſtoniſh'd too
Throughout the Heathen's Land,
And, by the *Greatneſs* of the *Act*,
Confeſs'd the *Agents Hand.*
3. 4 *Perfect*, Great God! what Th' haſt *begun*;
Set *all* Thine *Iſrael* free:
To th' *Deſarts* of their *Homes* bring *back*
The *whole* Captivity.

4 Turn us, as *Southern Flouds*, which by
Their bounteous *Overflow:*
O'r the exhauſted thirſty Lands,
Shed *Plenties* as They go.
5. 6 Who *weeping* ſows, but ſows *good Seed*,
He ſhall, with *Joy*, return
*Loaded* with *Sheaves*; rewarded for
The *Seed-Time* He did *mourn.*

Pſalm

## Psalm CXXVII.

1 Except the *Lord* the Building raiſe,
Their Labour's *loſt*, who *build*:
That City's watch'd in *vain*, where, *God*
Does not Protection yield.
2 *In vain* ye *riſe*, in vain *ſit up*,
And eat the Bread of *Care*:
*They ſleep*, and *reſt*, and have *enough*
Who, his *Belov'd Ones*, are.

3. 4 Children are an *Inheritance*,
The Gift of the *Moſt High*:
Like Arrows in a Strong Mans Hand,
So, the young Children be.
5 Who hath his Quiver full of Them,
That happy Man is *bleſs'd*,
Shall not be ſham'd when He, i'th' Gate,
With his Foes, does conteſt.

## Psalm CXXVIII.

1. 2 WHo ſeeks for *true Felicity*,
Let that Man *fear the Lord*:
He's with *All Bleſſings* bleſs'd, even *thoſe*
Which *this Life* does afford.
He, from the *labours* of his *Hand*,
Reaps a *contented* Store;
O *happy* Thou! O *calm* eſtate
Who art *nor Rich*, nor *Poor*.

3 As with the Vines fair *Shade* and *Fruit*,
Thy Walls encircled be:
So grateful, fruitful, and ſo fair
Thy *Wife* ſhall be to *Thee*.
Thy Table round, like Olive Plants
Thy Children ſhall be ſpread:
Shall *eat*, and ſhall be *ſatisfi'd*
With their *appointed Bread*.

4 Lo *thus*, *thus* ſhall the *Man be bleſs'd*
Who the Almighty *fears*:
5 From *Sion* bleſs'd; whoſe *peaceful State*
Thou ſhalt ſee *All* thine Years.
6 Yea, Thou ſhalt *ſee*, and ſhalt *enjoy*
(wrapt up in *Iſrael's Peace*)
Thy *Private* weal; *Thy* Children's, and
*Their* Children's Happineſs.

## Pſalm CXXIX.

1 FRom my Youth up, may *Iſrael* ſay,
*Oft*, have They Me aſſail'd;
2 Oft, have my Foes *diſtreſs'd* Me,
But *never* have *prevail'd*.
3 The Ploughers have, upon my Back
*Deep*, and *long* furrows plow'd;
4 But the *Juſt God aſunder brake*
The *Fetters* of the *Proud*.

5 *So periſh All* mine *Enemies!*
*So periſh Sion's* Foes!
6 Be They like Graſs on the *Houſe-Tops*
Which *withers*, as it *grows*.

7 With which, nor *Reaper's Hand* is fill'd,
Nor *Binder's Arms* with *Sheaves*:
8 Nor passing by them, in God's Name
*Any*, *One* Bleſſing gives.

## Pſalm CXXX.

1. 2 OUt of the *loweſt* Depths of woe,
Of *Guilt*, and *Miſery*,
Where, by *my ſelf*, *accus'd*, I, by
*My ſelf*, *condemned* lye:
To *Thee*, Juſt Judge! though *thus condemn'd*,
My anguiſh'd Soul does *flee*:
*O hear* my voice! *Conſider* Lord!
And *weigh* my woful Cry.

3 If Thou ſhould'ſt be *extream* to *mark*
*All* we have done *amiſs*,
*Who* may abide? *Who* muſt not *fall*
By his Iniquities?
4 But *Mercy*, O *long-ſuffering* God!
But *Mercy* dwells with *Thee*:
That for thy *Mercies*, *All fleſh* may
Revere thy Majeſty.

5. 6 That Mercy *raiſes* my fal'n *Hope*,
Which, in *thy word* does truſt:
*That Mercy* now I *wait*; for Lord
Thy *promis'd word* is *juſt*.
I wait, as *They*, who tir'd with *Pains*
Or *Horrors* of the Night,
Count the *long reſtleſs* Hours; and wait
The *ſlow* approach of *Light*.

The

The *ſlow*, but *certain* Dawn; the *ſlow*
But *fix'd*, and *ſure* Return:
The Sun's *known wonted* Riſing, and
The *never-failing* Morn.

7, 8 O *Iſrael wait on God!* and *truſt*
His *ſure* his *promis'd Love:*
For *Plenteous* Mercies flow, and *full*
Redemption's from Above.

And He, from *All* their Sins they *hate*
And *loath'd* Iniquity,
When They *thus truſt* in Him, ſhall *All*
His ranſom'd *Iſrael* free.

## Pſalm CXXXI.

1 I Do not, Lord! diſdain, nor ſcorn
Him, who is *leſs* than *Me:*
But all my *Minds*, and *Body's* powr's
Tend to *Humility.*
My *wanton* Reaſon does not ſoar
At Miſteries *too high:*
Where, *dazled*, ſhe, by *falſe Lights*, ſtrays,
Which *'maze* her *feeble Eye.*

2 But I am like a *Child*, wean'd from
His tender Mother's *Breaſt:*
Who, what *ſhe teaches*, *ſpeaks*; and does
In *her Inſtructions*, reſt.

3 O *Iſrael thy ſelf* deny
And truſt in *God alone!*
Truſt *him alone*, with an *intire*
*Full* Reſignation.

## Psalm CXXXII.

1 REmember *David*, Lord! and all
*David's Affliction:*
2. 3 Who vow'd, I'll not come in mine Houſe
Nor Bed will reſt upon;
4 *No ſleep* ſhall ſeal mine Eye-lids up,
*Nor ſlumbers* cloſe mine Eyes,
5 Till, for God's Ark, I've found a place,
Which now ſtands harbourleſs.

6 We heard it lay at *Ephrata*
Where, in a *Wood*, 'twas found:
7 In its *Tent*, now, we'll worſhip God
Proſtrate upon the Ground.
8 Ariſe, O Lord! *Thou*, and *Thine Ark*,
*Ariſe* into Thy *Reſt!*
9 Let Thy *Saints ſhout!* let Righteouſneſs
Thy Srcred *Prieſts inveſt.*

10 Turn not, O Lord! the Face away
Of Thine Anointed One!
11 To whom Thou haſt *thus* ſworn; Thy Seed
Shall ſit upon Thy Throne:
12 *If* they will *keep* my Cov'nant,
Me, as *I've taught*, *adore*;
*Their* Children on *Thy Seat ſhall ſit*
Enthron'd for evermore.

13 For God Himſelf hath *Sion choſe*,
To be his *Holy Seat:*
14 *Here* be my *Everlaſting* Reſt!
For *Sion's my delight.*
15 With *Plenty*, I will *fill* her *Stores*;
With *Bread*, her *Hungry* bleſs;

16 Her

16 Her *Prieſts* with My *Salvation* cloath,
And *Saints* with *Joyfulneſs*.

17. 18 And *there*, will mine Anointed's Head
With *Pow'r*, and *Glories*, crown;
*Still-flouriſhing* Glories; but his Foes
Tread to Confuſion.

## Pſalm CXXXIII.

1 *Souls* meet with *Souls*, *Goodneſs* with *Joy*,
And make *One Harmony*;
When *Brother* does with *Brother*, joyn,
I'th'Bond of *Unity*.
2 The *Ointment* pour'd on *Aaron's Head*,
From *various* Spices grew;
Which *joyning*, *All*, their *divers* Scents,
*One only Odour*, threw.

*So*, was that precious Ointment *made*,
And, when it forth, was ſhed,
It flowed down to th' *loweſt Skirts*
From the *Anointed Head*.
3 *Such* are the Gems of *Dew*, which on
*Sion*, and *Hermon*, fall:
Which, fertile make their *lofty Heads*,
And *all* the *humble Vale*.

As *Balms*, and *Dews*, *thus*, Unity,
*Bleſſings*, and *Odours*, lends:
Bleſſings to *this Life* promis'd, and
To *that* which never ends.

## Psalm CXXXIV.

1 YE, who to God, i'th' silent *Night*,
Your cheerful voices, raise:
And, *waking* in his Courts, make one
*Continual Day* of Praise.
2 Unto your God, lift up *pure Hands!*
Lift up *pure Hearts* on high!
And bless, and praise the *holy Lord*
I'th' *holy Sanctu'ry.*

3 And *Thou*, who *thus* shalt bless the Lord
Within his Sanctu'ry,
The Lord, *from out* his *Sanctu'ry*
For evermore, *bless Thee.*

## Psalm CXXXV.

1 O *All* ye Servants of the Lord,
His great Name celebrate!
2 And *ye* his Servants Praise his Name
Who at his *Altar* wait!
3 Let *All* Praise Him! for *God* is *good*;
And *Praises*, *pleasant* are:
4 He *Jacob* chose, and severed, for
His *own Peculiar.*

5 Our God is *great*; Our God's above
*All Gods*, and *Praises*, *high:*
*Like Him*, nor Earth, nor Heav'n, can boast
*Another* Majesty.
6 What e're he *will'd* in Heav'n, and Earth,
*Firm*, and immov'd has stood:
He sunk the Seas; and lower yet
The *depths beneath* the *Flood.*

7 He

7 He, from the Earth, makes vapours rise,
Which He, i'th' Clouds, suspends:
With Flames of Lightning, mixes Rain,
Lets forth the stormy winds.
8 He the *first-born* of Man and Beast,
Throughout all *Egypt*, smote,
And over Thee, *ingrateful* Land!
*Wonders* and *Judgments* brought.

10. 11 He conquer'd Potent Nations,
He, *Og*, and *Sihon*, slew;
12 And, for his people *Israel*,
All *Canaan*, did subdue:
13 For *ever*, O Eternal Lord!
Thy Glory does endure:
And, through all Generations
Thy firm Memorial's sure.

14 He, on his Peoples *Enemies*
Has his great Judgments shown;
But towards *Them*, He will appear
*Great* in *Compassion*.
15 No God of *Silver*, or of *Gold*,
No God of *Mortal's Hand*:
*None* of those Gods can do, as *Ours*
Worship'd i'th' Heathen's Land.

16. 17 Their Mouths are *dumb*, their Eyes are *blind*,
Th'have Nostrils, but no *Breath*:
And, without *Sense*, or *Motion*,
Are *Idols* but of *Death*.
18 Who *makes* a *God*, is *like* his God;
Becomes his *shadows*, *shade*:
And *such* are *All*, who those *false* Gods
Their *vain*, *dead* Trust, have made.

19 O *Iſrael* bleſs the Lord of *Life!*
Him, Houſe of *Aaron* bleſs!
20 And thou, O Houſe of *Levi!* Him
Thy God, *alone*, confeſs.
21 From out of *Sion*, Bleſs the Lord!
Let *All Fleſh* Honour Him!
Bleſs All, the God of *Sion!* who
Dwells at *Jeruſalem.*

## Pſalm CXXXVI.

To the uſual Tune of *Pſal.* 148.

1 GIve Thanks unto the Lord,
Who doth all *Good* afford!
2 O Praiſe the *God* of *Gods!*
3 And of *All Lords*, the *Lord.*
For to his Love
*No Meaſures* be:
No Bounds *leſs* than
*Eternity.*

4 Who wonders doth, *alone*,
5 Whoſe *Wiſdom* Heav'n has made:
6 Rais'd up the *drowned* Earth,
And *'bove* the waters, laid.
For to his Love
*No Meaſures* be:
No Bounds *leſs* than
*Eternity.*

7 Who hath made *glorious Lights*,
8 The Sun to rule the *Day:*

9 The

9 The Moon and Stars the *Night*,
Guide with a *gentler* Ray.
For to his Love
*No Measures* be:
No Bounds *less* than
*Eternity*.

10 Who *Egypts first-born* smote.
11 And thence his People brought
12 By an *out-stretched* Arm,
And *wonders* He had wrought.
For to his Love
*No Measures* be:
No Bounds *less* than
*Eternity*.

13 Who parted the Red Sea,
14 And *through* it *Israel* led:
15 Whilst *Pharaoh* in the midst,
And his Host perished.
For to his Love
*No Measures* be:
No Bounds *less* than
*Eternity*.

16 *His*, through Deserts led,
17. 18 Great Kings fell by his Hand:
19. 20 *Sihon*, and *Og*, and He
21. 22 Gave His, their conquer'd Land.
For to his Love
*No Measures* be:
No Bounds *less* than
*Eternity*.

23. 24

23.24.25.26 Praise him, who our *low state*
Rememb'ring, did *relieve*:
Who *freed* us from our *Foes*,
Food to *all Flesh* does give.
For to his Love
*No Measures* be:
No Bounds *less* than
*Eternity*.

## Psalm CXXXVII.

1 CAptives in *Babylon*, we sat
*Weeping* by the River's side:
And, as the *Springs* supply'd *their Streams*;
*Sion*, *our Tears*, suppli'd.

2 Our *fellow-Captives*, Harp, and Lute,
Upon the *Willows*, hung:
Hung by, *untun'd*, *neglected* hung;
*Disorder'd*, and *unstrung*.

3 The proud insulting Victor, bad
His *mourning* Captives, *sing*:
Sing now, said they, sing *one* o'th' Songs
Sacred to *Sion's* King.

4 O *how*, alas! can we, amidst
The Heathen's impious Throng,
*How* can we in a *strange Land*, sing
Our God's *derided* Song?

5.6 O *Sion*! O *Jerusalem*!
O Sacred Heap! *Can I*
*Can* my griev'd Soul, e'r *Thee* not mourn?
*E'r*, unremember *Thee?*

When

When *Thee* I do forget, Cleave to
My Mouth, my Tongue! And let
When *Thee*, (dear Loſs) I do forget,
My Hand its *Art* forget!

Or, when I do not *Sion's Tears*
Above *All gladneſs*, prize!
O *Sion!* *All* my *Preſent* Grief,
All my remaining *Bliſs*.
7 Remember *Edom's* Sons, O Lord!
In thy *Jeruſalem's Day*;
*Raſe down* that *Temple!* how they cry'd;
And All, in *Ruin's* lay.

8 O *Babylon!* O *rais'd to fall!*
And *thy Day* too, will come:
The Race of thy ſwift Glories run,
Thou muſt abide thy *Doom*.
May that juſt Arm which vengeance takes
On Thee, be *proſperous!*
And recompence to *Thee*, the Crimes
Which Thou haſt dealt to *Us*.

9 And make thy wretched *Children*, in
*Thy* Puniſhments, partake:
And, with th' *accurſed Roots* drag'd out,
Th' *untimely Branches*, take.

Pſalm

## Psalm CXXXVIII.

1 WIth my *whole* Heart, O gracious Lord!
Thee, will I magnifie;
And, before *All the Gods* on Earth,
Will only honour *Thee*.

2 Toward thy *Temple*, I will bow,
And ev'n *above* thy Name,
Set up the Glories of thy *Word*,
And *Truth's* immortal Fame.

3 When in the Day of Grief, I cry'd,
Thou heard'st my anguish'd Pray'r;
Thou didst renew my Soul's faint Powr's,
And its fall'n strength repairs.

4 *All Kings* shall praise thy Name, O Lord!
And shall flow into thee:
And, having heard thy *Word* of *Truth*,
To Thee, *converted* be.

5 Then, by that *Word*, instructed in
Thy just, thy perfect ways,
They, *throughout all the World*, shall sing
The Glories of thy Praise.

6 Though 'bove the Heavens be his great Throne,
He, from that glorious Seat,
*Stoops* to behold the *lowly*, but
Confounds th' insulting *Great*.

7 He, thence, when I am *poor*, and *griev'd*,
*Regards* my wretched State:
*Supports* me, and Protects my Soul
Gainst my Foes *Pow'r* and *Hate*.

8 What

8 What thou haſt now *begun* in me,
Lord! *Perfect* from Above!
Thy Mercies *endleſs*; perfect, Lord!
The *Creature* of thy *Love*.

## Pſalm CXXXIX.

1. 2 ALl-ſeeing God! to whoſe clear ſight
Both my *Deeds* preſent are,
And *all* my *Thoughts*; ev'n *that ſtrange* Thought
That's yet *unthought*, and *far*:
3. 4 Thou know'ſt each *Motion*, and each *Reſt*,
The *End* I ſeek, and *Way*;
What *ſilence* ſeals, *unuttered* yet
What *Whiſpers* do *betray*.

5. 6 The curious *Texture* of my Frame
Is from *thy Hand alone*:
*I am* from *Thee*; but *How* I am,
Is, to *my ſelf*, unknown.
7 O, *whither*, from thy Spirit, then,
O, *whither*, ſhall I flee?
8 Should I to *Heav'n* aſcend, Thou'rt *there*,
Nor could *Hell* cover me.

9 If I ſhould take the *Morning's wing*,
And, to thoſe Confines flee
Where *Light* and *Darkneſs blended*, they
*Nor Light*, nor *Darkneſs* be:
10 Ev'n *there*, the Pow'r of thy Right Hand
Would hold, upon me lay;
And, to thy Juſtice, or thy Love,
Yield the *ſurprized* prey.

11 If I ſhould ſay, The *Night* ſhall hide,
*Darkneſs* ſhall cover me:
*Night* ſhall be turn'd to *Day*, and *Shades*
*Looſe* their *Obſcurity*.
12 For Darkneſs is *no* Darkneſs, and
Night, is *no* Night, to Thee:
Darkneſs and Light, and Night and Day,
To Thee, *all equal* be.

13 Thou doſt poſſeſs my *Reins*, and ſeeſt
All of me that's *within*:
I, cover'd in the Womb, by *Thee*,
Who coveted'ſt me, *was ſeen*.
14 How *great a wonder*, Lord! am I!
How, *All*, a *Miracle!*
Inſpire me, that thy Praiſe I may
Who *am* that *wonder*, tell.

15. 16 *Thou ſaw'ſt* my Subſtance, when as yet
*Rude*, and *inform*, it lay:
Which, as Thou had'ſt *deſigned* It,
Was faſhion'd *day* by *day*:
When, Thou *diſtinguiſhed'ſt* the Parts,
And, whilſt they yet were *None*,
Mad'ſt fit for *uſe*; then waked'ſt the *Pow'rs*,
And *Springs* of *Motion*.

*Thou ſaw'ſt* whilſt they were *faſhioning*
I'th' Bowels of the Earth:
And, when their time *accompliſh'd* was,
Thou gav'ſt the *wonder*, *Birth*.
17. 18 How *dear* thy Thoughts, *All-Preſent Lord!*
And Counſels are to me!
But *how unknown! how numberleſs!*
Sands far *leſs numerous be*.

Thus

Thus I, whilst *forming*, and *when form'd*,
Was *present* unto Thee:
And shall be present *still*, when I
Wake to Eternity.

19. 20. 21. 22 Wilt thou not slay the wicked Men
Who this thy work, *deface?*
The *Cruel*, the *Blood-thirsty* Ones,
And all the perjur'd Race?

These, with a *perfect Hate*, I hate,
Count them *mine Enemies*:
For such are All those impious Ones,
Who, against *Thee* do rise.

23. 24 *Search*, Lord! and *try* my Heart and Mind!
And, *whensoe'r* I stray,
*O lead! O guide* my *erring* steps
I'th' *Everlasting way.*

## Psalm CXL.

1 FRom *wicked* Men, and *violent*,
Good Lord deliver me!
2 Who, curious Plots for *Mischiefs* lay,
And *War*, continually.
3 Scatter Infections with their Breath,
And with their Lips betray:
*So Serpents*, *Poison* whom they *strike*,
*So*, *Adders* kill, and *They*.

4 Lord keep me from their Hands, who do
Design my Overthrow!
5 Who, in my *plain* way, Snares, and Gins,
And *cover'd Plots* do throw.

6. 7

6.7 To *Thee*, my God! I pour my Soul;
To *Thee*, my Help *alone*:
Whose Shield, 'th'day of Battel, was
Thy Strong Salvation.

8 *Grant not* the wicked Man's desires!
Let not Guile *happy* be!
But to his *treacherous*, dark Designs
*Deny Prosperity*.

9 Those, who do compass me around,
And Snares about me spread,
The mischiefs of their own false Lip,
Cover their guilty Head.

10 Vengeance, in flames, will them consume;
And, by a Precipice,
Into a dreadful Pit cast down,
They never more shall rise.

11 Let not an evil Speaker, be
On th' Earth established!
Vengeance shall hunt the *violent*,
Vengeance, *not to be fled*.

12 For *this* I know, God will maintain,
The poor Oppressed's Right;
That they may bless thy Name, and dwell
For ever, in thy sight.

# Psalm CXLI.

1 TO Thee, my God! distress'd, I cry;
And thine Assistance, crave:
Make haste to help me, gracious Lord!
O God make speed to save!
2 As Incense, may my Pray'r to Thee
*So sweet, so flaming*, rise!
And, Be the *lifting* of my *Hands*
The *Evening Sacrifice!*

3 Set, Lord! a *watch* before my *Mouth!*
*Guard* that weak, feeble Gate!
That nought *prophane*, *unjust*, *unclean*,
*Rashly* pass forth thereat.
4 Make Me a *perfect* Heart, O God!
Unto *no* vice inclin'd:
And, let my *Actions* manifest
Th' *Uprightness* of my *Mind.*

Let no *Example* Me betray,
And no Temptation *cheat*,
*Complying* with the wicked Man,
What is forbid to eat.
5 Let Good men rather me *reprove!*
Reproofs, like Unguents shed,
Will *cleanse* what's *proud*, and *ulcerous*,
But will not *break* my Head.

I'll pay the charitable Debt;
And, whenso'ere, *they* mourn,
I'll supplicate, and beg for *Them*,
And the kind Balm, *return.*

6 When, in *unequal* places, charg'd,
Their Leaders are o're thrown,
They will embrace my Counsels, and
Prefer them to their own.

7 For *now* they see how our Bones lye
Scatter'd about the Field,
Hew'd from the *slain*; the fatal Chips
That Carkasses do yield.

8 Upon *Thee*, Lord! we *fix* our *Eyes*;
*Thou* art our Confidence:
O leave us not to *Our Own* Arm!
But be *Thou* Our *Defence*.

9 The *Secret* Snares and Ambushes
My Foes have for me laid,
May I escape! but into them
Be they themselves betray'd.

## Psalm CXLII.

1 TO Thee, my God! I cry'd, and made
My Supplication:
2 I pour'd forth my Complaint to Thee,
And made my trouble known.
3 Thou knew'st the Anguish of my Soul,
My griev'd, perplexed way:
How in *that way*, their Ambushes
And Snares, the wicked lay.

4 I look'd on my Right Hand for Help,
But *no Man* would me know:
My *Friends* had, All, *forgot* the *Man*
Who was *distreſs'd*, and *low*.
5 But *Thou* my Refuge art, O Lord!
*Thou* art my God *alone*;
I'th' Land o'th' Living, Thou'rt the Poor's
Th' Afflicted's Portion.

6 Behold my wants! my *wrongs!* my *Chain!*
Give back my Liberty!
Then ſhall the Juſt confeſs thy Name
And *All rejoyce* with *Me*:

## Pſalm CXLIV.

1 BLeſs'd be the Lord, who teaches me
To guard me 'gainſt my Foe:
2 My *whole* Defence; who, *under* me
Brings the Rebellious, *low*.
3 Lord! what is Man? what's *All* of Him?
His Wiſdom, Strength, or Form?
That the Moſt High ſhould *look* on him;
And *God* regard a *Worm*.

4 Man is as *Nought*; for Nought's like Man
But *Shade*, and *Vanity*:
Vain while he *lives*; and unto *Death*
Flies *ſwift*, as *ſhadows* flye.
5 *Bow* Lord! the *Heavens*, and deſcend!
And let the *ſtooping* Cloud
The lofty Mountains *darkned* Head,
With *glorious Horrors* ſhrowd.

6 Againſt their Face, Thy *flaming* Darts
The *winged* Lightnings, aim!
And, let thy Thunders break *thoſe* Ranks
Which ſhall *eſcape* their Flame.
7 Save me, from out thoſe ſtrangers Powr's,
And ſend Salvation down:
8 Whoſe *Right Hand* plights a *Faith*, but whoſe
*Falſe Hearts* their *Vows Diſown!*

9. 10 Then, with *New* Praiſes I will ſing
Thy *Love renew'd* to me:
Who, from the Sword, haſt *David* ſav'd,
And Crown'd with Victory.
11 Save me from out thoſe ſtrangers hands,
And ſend Salvation down:
Whoſe *Right Hand* plights a *Faith*, but whoſe
*Falſe Hearts* their *Vows Diſown!*

12 That, like young Plants, Our Sons may grow;
And Daughters be as *fair*
As, which the Temple do adorn
The *poliſh'd Marbles* are.
13 That our *full* Stores, abound with *all*
*The Plenties* of the Field:
Our fruitful Sheep their *Thouſands*, may,
And their *ten Thouſands*, yield.

14 That ſtrength ſuſtain the *lab'ring* Beaſt
That there be *no Decay:*
Nor by *Diſeaſe*, or *Accident*,
That ſtrength be ta'ne away.
That no *Complaints* be in our Streets,
No *Cryes*, no *Ravages:*
No *Captives* dragg'd away; *none* of
*War's Inhumanities.*

15 Hap-

15 Happy the People, upon whom
*Such* Bleſſings are beſtow'd!
But *far* more *bleſs'd*, and happy, *They*,
Who have the *Lord their God.*

## Pſalm CXLV.

1. 2 NO *Day* ſhall not Thee bleſs, O Lord!
Who doſt me bleſs, *each Day*:
Wherefore, thy Name, my God, and King!
I will extoll *alway*.
3 *Great* is our God; and, as *Himſelf*,
His *Praiſes* muſt be *Great*:
But *who* can find a *Praiſe*, ſhall ſpeak
A *Greatneſs Infinite?*

4 *One Age* ſhall to *Another*, tell;
*This* Generation
Shall tell the *next*, and *All ſhall* ſpeak
The Great Works He has done.
5. 6. 7 I will ſpeak of thy wond'rous works,
Thy Glorious Majeſty:
And, of thine Acts, *All* ſhall record
'Th' Eternal Memory.

Record Thy Acts of *Terror*, and
Record Thy Acts of *Love*:
The juſt-avenging *Judgments*, and
The *Mercies* from above.

8. 9 The Lord our God is *Gracious*,
*Full of Compaſſion*;
To *Anger ſlow*; to *All* His Works
By His *great Mercies* known.

10 *All* thy *Great Works* Thee Praiſe *Great God*!
And *All* thy Saints Thee bleſs:
11 And, of thy Kingdom, and Thy Pow'r,
*All*, they *can ſpeak*, expreſs.
12 That, to the Sons of Men, They may
Thy *Glorious Reign*, make known:
13 Till, how *beyond* the Bounds *of Time*
Is *Thy Dominion*.

14 The Lord upholds the *falling Soul*,
And raiſes the *fal'n-down*:
15 All Things with *longing*, *earneſt* Eyes
Thy *Providence* wait on.
16 And do not wait *in vain*; Thy Hand
Gives forth their *needful* Food:
Does *all* thy Creatures *wants* ſupply,
And *fills* each Soul with *Good*.

17. 18 The Lord is *holy* in his works,
And All his ways are *juſt*:
Draws *nigh* to thoſe who *call* on Him,
Who *call* on Him, and *truſt*.
19. 20 *All* thoſe, who *fear* the living God
And *All*, who *love* their God
Hee'l *hear*, and will *Preſerve*; but all
Th' *unjuſt* ſhall be *deſtroy'd*.

21 My

21 My Lips, the Praiſes of the Lord
For ever, ſhall proclaim:
Let All fleſh joyn! and, in *One Praiſe*
Bleſs ever, that *One Name*.

## Pſalm CXLVI.

1. 2 PRaiſe thou the Lord, O thou my Soul!
And bleſs Him, All thy Days:
Let in One *equal Motion*, flow
Thy Breath of *Life*, and *Praiſe*.
3. 4 Truſt not in any Son of *Man*!
No not in *Princes*, truſt!
Nor *High*, nor *Low* can *help*, when *Both*
Are *levell'd* in the *Duſt*.

5 But *God* can help for *evermore*;
How *ſurely* bleſs'd is He,
Who does in *Jacob's* God repoſe
A *firm* Felicity!
6. 7 In God, who made the Earth, and Heav'n;
In God, who *promiſe* keeps:
Who, *for* the poor *Oppreſſed*, *wakes*,
Nor, *from* th'*Oppreſſor*, *ſleeps*.

Who, food, unto the *Hungry*, gives;
Looſes the *Captives* Chain:
8. 9 Reſtores the *Blind*; and the *bow'd-down*
Who *raiſes up* again.

Who loves the *Juſt*, and *Righteous* Soul;
The *Stranger*, looks upon:
The *Widow*, and the *Fatherleſs*,
But hurl's the *Wicked* down.

10 The Lord for evermore ſhall reign,
*Sion's* Eternal King:
His Reign, *no Time*, nor *Age* can *count*,
But *every One* ſhall *ſing*.

## Pſalm CXLVII.

1 HOw *pleaſant*, and how *good* is Praiſe!
How full of *Decency!*
O then let's ſing unto the Lord,
And his Name magnifie!
2 The Lord, *Jeruſalem* rebuilds,
And gathers *Iſrael:*
3 He bindeth up the broken heart,
And does the wounded heal.

4 He tells the Number of the Stars,
And calls them out by Name:
Knows all their *diff'ring* Glories, and
Diſtinguiſhes *each* Flame.
5 Great is our *God*, and Great his *Pow'r*;
His *Wiſdom*, *Infinite:*
Caſts down the wicked to the Ground,
And raiſes the Upright.

7. 8 Unto

7. 8 Unto our God with Praiſes ſing,
Who Heav'n with Clouds, o'reſpreads;
Pours Rain on th'Hills, and cloaths with Graſs
Their lofty barren Heads.
9 Who, *all* His Creatures does relieve,
And with Food ſatisfies:
Regards the *famiſh'd* Eye that *waits*,
And hears the *Raven's* Cryes.

10. 11 Nor *Strength* nor *Swiftneſs* Him delight,
*All* the Lord's Pleaſure, is
In thoſe who fear him; and whoſe *Truſt*
Is in *His Promiſes*.
12. 13 Praiſe thou thy God, *Jeruſalem!*
Who does *ſecure* thy Gates:
And bleſſes Thine Inhabitants,
That *None* Them *violates*.

14 Within thy happy Borders, who
Eſtabliſhes bleſs'd Peace:
And, with the fineſt flow'r of Wheat
Thy Hunger ſatisfies.
15 He ſpeaks; and round about the Earth
The ſwift Commandment flies:
16 Snow falls like *Wool*; and o're the Ground
Spreads the *cold Icy Fleece*.

The hoary Froſt like *Aſhes*, lyes
Scatter'd about the Ground;
17 *Flouds* turn to *Rocks*, and *Drops* fal'n down
Are, as firm *Morſels* bound.
*Who* can the fierceneſs of the Cold
In all theſe forms, abide?
Which, under every diff'ring ſhape,
Does the ſame Rigors hide?

18 When

18 When He, with *softer*, gentler winds
Their fury does restrain,
The *Snow dissolves*, and weeping *Rocks*
Melt into *Streams* again.
19. 20 His Statutes, Judgments, and His Word
To *Jacob*, He hath shown;
But unto *Other* Nations,
His Precepts are *unknown*.

## Psalm CXLVIII.

1 FRom Heav'n the God of Heaven Praise!
And Praise Him in the *Height*:
2 Praise Him His *Hosts*, and *Angels All!*
And *All* ye *Sons of Light!*
3. 4 Praise Him ye *Heaven's*, and *Heaven's* of *Heaven's!*
Praise Him ye *Orbs of Light!*
Thou *Sun*, and *Moon*, and All ye *Stars*
Which do adorn the Night.

5 For He but *spake*, and they were *made*,
He *gave* forth the *Command*,
And *All* those Orbs of Glories, did
In their *firm Order*, *stand*.
6 And shall, for *ever*, firmly *stand*;
For *He*, th' Almighty *Cause*,
Gave to their *Being*, *Motion*;
And to their *Motion*, *Laws*.

7, 8 And Bless Him All ye Hosts on *Earth!*
Of *fair*, or *horrid* Forms:
Dragons, and Deeps; Fire, Hail, and Snow;
*Soft* Gales, or *wilder* Storms.

9. 10. 11

9. 10. 11. *Mountains*, and *Hills*; *Cedars*, and *Shrubs*;
The *Scepters*, and the *Crooks*;
And in *His* Praiſe, ye *Shepherds* joyn,
Of *Kingdoms*, and of *Flocks*!

The *winged* Fowl, and *creeping* Worm,
The *great* and *leſſer* Beaſt:
And, by *all Orders* of Mankind
Be His great Praiſe expreſs'd!
12 YoungMen, and Maids; Aged, and Babes;
Firſt-Born, and late of Birth.
13 His Name exalt! for *It*, *alone*,
Is *great*, 'bove *Heav'n* and *Earth*.

14 He ſhall his People raiſe; and they
*All*, ſhall his Praiſes tell:
*All* who *fear* Him; for *ſuch* are Saints,
And *alone Iſrael*.

# Psalm CL.

1 O Bless the *Great*, the *Holy* God
I'th' *House* of *Holiness!*
And, in His Firmament of Pow'r
The Potent Lord confess!
2 Praise Him in His *Great Works!* and try
*What* Thoughts, *what* Words there are,
To His excelling Greatness, which
May *some Proportion* bear.

3. 4. 5. 6 Bring from the *stores* of Harmony
*All* the *conspiring* Tones!
The Organ, Harp, and Psaltery,
And *joyn* their Motions!
7 Let every Creature that hath Breath
To its Creator, sing!
And, with their *unform'd*, *native* voice,
*Inspir'd Affections* bring.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
All Glories ever be!
From henceforth, All the Days of Time,
And of Eternity.

Amen!

*HALLELUJAH.*

FINIS.